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FOR TERMS, SEE LAST PAGE.

For the Reflector and Watchman.

AMUSEMENT OF THE THEATRE.

Whatever may be the opinion of men of the abused doctrine of native depravity, there is one fact which every observant man allows, namely, that our moral nature is so constituted that it receives injury from the frequent exhibitions of vice, and from familiarity with vicious men.—The poet, though no rigid moralist, nor canting parson, has placed before us that fact in the quotation above. In a country enjoying free institutions, the moral training of youth is of the utmost importance to the welfare of the community. They are the material out of which the political, judicial, and municipal government of a coming age, are to be formed. The men then in office will leave upon the institutions the impress of their own characters. Yet I fear that one of the greatest evils of our day is the neglect of the morals of the rising generation. If we suppose the necessity of beginning early to form the habits of youth, we are met with the remark, 'children must have their course; we must not tolerate the domestic tyranny of our predecessors. When these children are older, their reason will correct these little errors.' I would ask, who can have lived thirty years without learning that reason has no power to resist the claims of indulged and pampered passions? Sometimes the indulgent parent reminds us that 'children must taste the sweets of freedom as well as men.' There is nothing plainer than that the Creator has placed children under the government and control of their parents during their minority. Their want of experience exposes them to temptation, and danger, against all of which it is the duty of parents to guard them. Thus it is that these inconsiderate parents violate an important law of their Creator, injure the community and their families, because they will not give themselves the trouble to learn the difference between two very dissimilar institutions; namely, an unalterable law of God, and variable, imperfect institution of men. However we may love, and boast of our liberty, if that liberty be made the occasion of insulting our Maker, it is not likely to be abiding.

It is a duty of every true patriot, whether parent or not, to take a deep interest in the moral education of youth; and to keep a vigilant eye upon all those instrumentalities, the tendency of which is to corrupt their morals. *Among these means, the theatre stands prominent.* Its injurious tendency has been admitted by all thinking, observing men in all ages and countries. The ancient Romans in their best days, refused the rights of citizenship to comedians. Voltaire said, 'that the theatre is a school holding the language of debauchery.' Rousseau denominated theatres 'the hotbeds of vice.' These men were neither puritanical moralists, nor religious fanatics. They were men of sagacity and observation, who saw things as they were, and spoke out what they knew to be their tendency.

Religious people have been advised to take the theatre under their management, in order that they might reform it. A hopeful scheme! Why not include in the work of purgation, brothels and grog-shops? Need those people be informed who recommend the measure, that attempts have been made to reform the theatre without success. When their abominations, like the sins of Sodom, have become intolerable, and the vigilance of the magistracy has been directed to them, they have assumed more decency of conduct; but as soon as that vigilance was withdrawn, vice became rampant again. Let religious people take under their purifying care, piracy and slavery, as well as the theatre; and, I venture to say, they will find that in all three, the evil is a radical, inherent quality, which bids defiance to reformation. All three of them may be rendered more odious and corrupting at one period than another, but virtuous, moral men will abhor, and shun them all.

He who formed men capable of excitement, provided it for good to himself, and also to the community around him. That which will produce the greatest degree of excitement, will always be the most eagerly sought. But this provision for excitement passion may be productive of evil as well as good. A high wrought drama of reality allowed, whether comedy or tragedy, tends greatly to raise the passions of the hearer. Yet I confess that it is amusing to hear persons who are so enamored of excitement produced by the theatre, pour out invective, and curl the lip of scorn at religious emotion. I would ask, for what world, and for what state of society is that soul preparing, who deems a love affair among the young, an artful intrigue, which involves a adultery, and the ruin of two families, as needful the natural result of cupidity, ambition, or revenge to the salvation of the soul, and the happiness of the final world? If in the common affairs of human life, these men manifested neither uncertainty of judgment, no man of sense would trust them with the meanest employment in a farm-yard. But it is enmity to God which incapacitates them.

Every man may know for himself that He who has formed us capable of excitement, has furnished an ample supply of external objects to produce it. But it is also his will that the emotion so produced should lead to prompt action. And this indeed will be the case, if there be not in the way some powerful obstruction, such as habitations of moral feeling, fear, cowardice, aversion, or supposed impossibility of attaining the object. If the excitement be sought merely for the pleasure it affords, it becomes a species of mental profanation, and tends, like gross intoxication, to enervate the intellect, and to render the passions ungovernable. Thus it is that many a noble mind, capable of high attainments, is made the dupe and slave of sensuality. Generally, the amusements of the theatre are confined to large towns and cities; but occasionally parties of comedians visit country towns and villages. These are usually composed of such performers who cannot make themselves sufficiently popular before a polite audience.—When they arrive at a place where they think of making a temporary stay, their first object is to ascertain the state of morals in the community. If it appears to be tolerably strict, great caution is necessary in selecting pieces for performance, which will not shock the feelings of the audience. If the morals of the people be low, *they are at home; restraint is not necessary*; they calculate upon a harvest. Such amusements being novel, attract the youthful and unthinking. They are furnished with excitement, corresponding with their taste; or if that taste be not yet formed, their new teachers will soon produce it. It is a subject of deep regret that these youths are too frequently encouraged in their greedy thirst for such impure streams, by men whose office, and standing in society ought to make them the guardians, and not the betrayers and corruptors of the public morals. It is always in the power of the public to chastise such enemies to civil liberty. Teach them at the ballot-box that you think them unworthy of public trust. It is the dictate of common sense, as well as the voice of experience, that a community morally corrupted, need a strong government to keep it from anarchy. No man who loves and pursues the amusement of the theatre is long capable of self-government. When such men form a majority in a nation, selfishness, lust, ambition, intrigue, and injustice will trample under foot a simple code of republican law, and render necessary some daring, military chief, whose will men dare not resist.

SENEX.

ARABIA AND PALESTINE.

Foreign Correspondence of the Reflector & Watchman.

MOUNT SINAI—VISIT TO A CONVENT—WADY HOREB—MOUNTAIN OF MOSES.

Gaza, (Quarantine) April 4, 1848.

And now we are at Sinai; the hallowed spot which Jews, and Mohammedans, and Christians venerate and have their traditions about. But I cannot write of this hallowed spot without first being relieved of a load of mind, which may perhaps be the result of *stirred bile*, but which is not the less for that reason, a clogging load. First then, a paragraph about the Convent.

I had before leaving Cairo, half determined to camp in my tent, and not enter the Convent; but I was persuaded out of it. So I paid my dollar for a letter of introduction. Arrived at the Convent, I put my foot in a rope, and clung on with my hands, and was drawn up like a bag of cotton at the store houses on our wharves, bumping against the wall, and was finally pulled into a window some three or four stories from the ground. This swinging arrangement I did not care for on my account, for travelling in the desert had made me hardy as an Arab; but I really pitied a nervous and sickly gentleman who came up after me. Good rooms were furnished, and good bread, and that was all, wine excepted. For milk, eggs, &c., about three or four Cairo prices were charged. The second day was the Sabbath, but the Convent was a complete hotel, (we were eight gentlemen in all with our servants,) and the monks were offering their manna, &c., for sale. The Monday morn I wanted to take some Mountain Arabs, and be off early to the mountains, but I found I was in a prison and must wait till the monks were ready to accompany me, and that then I must pay a dollar a day for their services. Finally, on the day of leaving, my servant told me that the monk who waited about the rooms had told him that it was the custom to give the waiter two dollars, and the door-keeper two dollars, and to give to the Convent five or six dollars. I thought it best to judge for myself about that. I had been in the Convent four nights and three days. I gave the superior four dollars for the room for that time, and a dollar for the monk who had gone with me to the mountain, and a dollar to the waiter and attendants at the door.—The countenances around me looked as if I had been robbing them; and the door-keeper even refused to let me out. I had kept *cool* till then; and all I did then was to put my foot into the rope, and to tell the Arabs at the wheel to *let me down*; and they were not long in doing it. I found afterwards that some of the servants of the gentlemen had as much wine as they could drink and carried away bottles of it for the part they were bribed to act. Now I have told my simple story; and any one who values time, and independence, and mental peace, and the *morality of the monks*—to say nothing of money—may do as he pleases about going to the convent at Sinai. But I am sure of this; if I were to spend a month at Sinai, I would pitch my tent in Wady Horeb, under the Mountain, and with two or three Mountain Arabs to keep guard by night, and to be guides by day, I would *enjoy* the visit there.

Wady Horeb! where is that? perhaps some one asks. Wait a little and we will see. The first day we took the stereotyped walk up the Mountain of Moses, (Gebel Mousa,) of which I will write nothing except the material point.—On the mountain I saw below me at the East, close at the foot of the mountain, an apparently broad Wady, marked Wady Sebaiyeh by Dr. R. I asked the Arab who had been pointing out the mountains around to me, the name of that Wady, and he instantly replied Wady Horeb. (the o like the French *eu* and German oe.) Thought I, that name is borrowed from the monks; and soon being with them aside from the Arabs, I asked if there was any place, Wady, or Mountain, named Horeb. All shook their heads and said, no. Convinced then that it was not from the monks they had gained the name, I asked during the day several different Arabs the same question, and all pointed towards that Wady, and said there was a Wady Horeb.—Among others two little boys had followed us up the mountain; and when the monks would have sent them back, I told them to come with *me*, liking always to have these bright Arab boys about me; and I had given them some stones and plants to carry, simply as an excuse to keep them. And all the way the little rogues had amused me by a contention which was my *sheikh*, and which therefore would have the backsheesh; and first *Salah* wodld touch me on the arm and say, 'hawayeh, Salah sheikh,' and then *Hamet* would come on the other side and touch me, and look up and say, 'hawayeh Hamet sheikh.' I asked these boys at last if there was any place called Horeb, and they too pointed to Wady Horeb. Finally, I determined to ask the monks in presence of the Arabs; and I observed, as repeatedly afterwards, that they waited for the Arabs to reply; and when they pointed to Wady Horeb, they seemed to recall the answer they had given me, and admitted that there was a Wady Horeb. I was convinced that these Arabs are to be looked to for names. I found afterwards that they had names for all the countless little peaks and Wadies, names not made for the occasion, but told the same by different persons and at different times.

We spent the remainder of the day in going to Safsafah and ascending the peak visited by Dr. R. and others, and descending to the plain. Here no one could help feeling the force of Dr. R's remarks in reference to this peak as the place where the law was received. Two objections however occurred to me while descending to the plain; one, that the descent (or ascent) is back of the Mountain out of sight of the plain; and the other that the path is so steep that even our young party found it difficult, and the inquiry was a natural one how could an old man like Moses pass up and down this mountain so often, especially with the stone tables in his hands; an impossibility in fact unless miraculous aid is supposed.

It was during this descent that I resolved on an excursion to Wady Horeb; and Capt. Fraser, an English officer in company with me, who had heard the same name, desired the same excursion. In going, therefore, to Mount Katharine next morn we took a monk of course and two or three Arabs, one a middle-aged man and very intelligent, and passing up the Wady back of the Convent were soon at the foot of Mousa on the East. We spent a delightful half hour before the Mount and then hastened on to accomplish the day's excursion to Katharine and to enjoy the rich and extensive view from its summit,—the view at once of the gulfs of Akaba and of Suez and of the sea beyond at their junction and of all the wide mountain district enclosed within this fork of the sea. I determined to repeat next day my visit to Mousa and to spend some hours there. It was the morning to start for the desert again; and escaping as early as possible from our prison and leaving my trusty Ibrahim to accomplish the long task of packing up and loading the new set of camels, I hurried off with a single mountain Arab, the intelligent Mohammed, to linger an hour before the Mount, and then to walk up the Wady back of the Convent, (the Sekaiyeh of Dr. R.) and join the camels at Wady Sheikh. The impressions of the two visits may be made one sketch. A walk of about one half mile east from the Convent and then another half mile south brings you to the foot of the Mount, and you gaze up upon its lofty height breaking suddenly on your view. Directly at its foot you pace over a platform more than one half mile square. In front (East) of this platform and of the Mountain runs a range of low hills from North to South, having a wide break and a fine opening directly in front of the Mount.

Passing through this opening, a wide, long plain stretches before you a half a mile, at least, in width, down into which you pass by a slight descent. You walk down the plain for more than a mile south, gazing on the noble form of the Mount, two thirds of whose entire height is seen over the intervening hills from every point of that broad, long plain. You find the plain and the neighboring hills an extensive pasture on which the flocks of the mountain Arabs are now grazing, and at either end of it a fine fountain of sweet water, with palm, olive and fig trees around. You turn and pass on north. A mile on the mountain is shut suddenly out from your view. Like every visitor to Sinai, you had been disappointed to find so many peaks of equal height, no one of which made any distinct impression of superior grandeur on your mind; and now that Mount Mousa has thus passed from your view, you turn and walk back to observe the effect of the approach from this avenue. Suddenly the noble peak, far behind, yet towering far above all its compeers, breaks upon your view with such a grandeur that you instinctively exclaim, how grand this Mount and how awful; how fit a place for Jehovah to speak to man! Another two miles, or less, through the same wide avenue, and you come out into Wady Sheikh. You had learned from your Towarah Arabs as you passed it, that the name of this noble Wady is Slood; but you now find that this name is given by the Arabs of this region to a fine branch Wady which here runs off to the south-east. You find on Dr. R.'s map that it has the name Sebaiyeh, but from every mouth among the tribe that *dwell* here, and, so to speak, *own* the mountains and vallies, you are told that Wady Sebaiyeh is only the narrow Wady running between Gebel Mousa and the range of hills just alluded to; and from every mouth you learn that this broad Wady, the direct continuation of Wady Sheikh, and widening before the mountain into that noble plain, is called Wady Horeb.

Standing now again before that towering mount let an instructed and chastened imagination have play and muse there one glorious hour. Here rises the mount which an uniform tradition among Christians and an older tradition evidently among the mountain Arabs points out as the Mountain of Moses, the summit of Sinai (the mountain defences generally) whence the law was given; and how fit a place this for the grand display recorded in the Exodus. Here is a wide, long valley and plain, bearing the name of Horeb among the descendants of the ancient tribe that never have been banished from their mountain home, though they have been subjugated; and how fit a place this not only for the encampment of Israel, not only so far as water and pasturage are concerned, but also for the people to encamp in sight of the mountain. This range of hills too, with that opening directly in front of the mountain, how natural a barrier this to prevent the people from approaching too near the mount. And again, this wide platform within the range of hills and at the mountain's foot, how natural a standing place for Israel when called to come out from their camp and stand before the mountain. And finally, that long smooth slope of the mountain stretching far up, along which your eye can distinctly trace the whole line of a gently rising path that finally goes over a rocky ridge and joins the path from the Convent at the chapel of Elijah—how accessible an ascent for an aged man like Moses, even though burdened with the tables of stone. That was an hour of sweet thought spent before that mount, an hour fraught with a conviction strengthened by long and frequent subsequent study of the Scripture references to Sinai and Horeb. And yet in the statement the writer steers naturally between the Scylla of fear to gain a reputation for love of novelty, and the Charybdis of infidelity in withholding what seems to be true, fortunately with little to gain or lose whether his bark sink or swim. And yet a single word before parting from Sinai, reader, in reply to the anticipated inquiry—why did not so learned and indefatigable an investigator as Dr. R. find out Wady Horeb? The answer must be manifest to any visitor to Sinai, or reader of Dr. R.'s own account. That very reputation, deserved as it was, girt him about with a company of attendants which clogged and hampered all his efforts to move in his own track and completely shut him out from all direct intercourse with the dependent and servile Arabs of the mountains; and so the merest boy, stealing away in unfettered freedom alone among these simple-hearted mountaineers, *ought* to learn something from them which his peers could not.

But we must away for we have tired enough the patience of our faithful Mohammed with this long gazing and note-taking and pencil sketching before the mount, and this lingering, backward-gazing, and this rabbit-like oft doubling on our track as we stroll on north up Wady Horeb. The mountaineer was right in saying an hour ago that the camels have long been waiting; and he has a right in often urging us to go on. Farewell noble Mount; my last gaze rests upon thee; and every look tells me more and more this is the Mount of God! May hereafter many a lover of God and of truth, mighty in Scripture knowledge, encamp in this plain and look on thy form and tell the inquiring Christian world if this is indeed the spot where God spoke to man.

Mohammed and I, sole companions for the morning, lingered behind a mound at the mouth of Wady Horeb to ask each other's remembrance and to say farewell words; for a real attachment had been growing up for three days past; and he turned back to his mountain to be the guide of other visitors from far lands, who come to see his mountains; and I hastened over the mound and mounted a strange dromedary with a new Arab driver of another tribe, and we three lonely occupants of this desert spot hastened in mutual silence after the camels long since gone.

G. W. S.

For the Reflector and Watchman.

HAMMERING.

—tear a passion to tatters, to very rags.—*Hamlet*

That the present age not only is, but on every side is allowed to be, a most remarkable and ingenious age, is a fixed fact.

The above period,—balanced, we humbly flatter ourselves, with a nicety that would do no discredit to the rhetorical steelyards of Dr. Johnson or of Mr. Hudson—the above period we say may be regarded as a broken arch, through which, as in Mr. Bayne's beautiful panorama, the courteous reader may obtain a *coup d'ail* of the ground to be passed over. For let him imagine himself stationed at the head of this column, and brushing away the fogs and flourishes, let him look through the aforesaid periodical arch, and he may perceive in the dim distance the following proposition:—The art of Hammering is a most notable art.

A multitude of suggestions press upon us, as the Hon. Horace Mann declares images and similes press upon him, for utterance. Expelling, as the French did royalty, all literal considerations, we shall confine ourselves to a strictly figurative interpretation of the proposition, and endeavor to illustrate its truth and force by citing a few familiar examples.

Among the most successful hammerers the book-maker of the present day occupies a conspicuous position. From a given quantity of raw material he will prepare for the market an astonishing *per cent.* of saleable product. In the *belles-lettres* world he is, what the gold-beater is in the mechanical. The latter will hammer a quarter-eagle into a surface sufficient to gild an equestrian statue of the size of life; and thus give to $2,50 the outward semblance of untold millions. The former will hammer a single fact or principle, or a small cluster of facts and principles until he has spread it over manuscript enough to furnish forth the largest octavo or quarto. The professions are quite alike. Gold is the most valuable of material, thought of immaterial objects. Both are marvellously malleable; thought much the most so. The first, we confess, we like best in solid, compact masses; and, craving pardon, we have the same *penchant*, with respect to the last.

Look for a moment at the *modus operandi* of some of our thought-hammerers.

Your novelist takes a veracious history like the following:—John Smith, having a cast in one eye and being otherwise cross-grained, gets expelled from school, obtains the birth of scrub on board a fishing-smack, performs the duties of his office indifferently well, until becoming involved in some dranken brawl on shore, he is manslaughtered (not murdered) and thus ends his mortal career;—this brief history, we say, is the subject matter to which the intellectual hammer of the author is applied. Immediately it is extended into a broad, substantial sheet, which the artist cuts up into some twenty or more pieces, each of which, in the table of contents, takes on the dignity of a separate chapter. By patient hammering, these pieces, or integral parts are made, each one of them, to cover more or less pages, according to the proposed dimensions of the book and the size of the type. And thus we have an intensely thrilling tale, with alarmingly gorgeous covers, and fearfully desperate engravings. And all this ingeniously reproduced from the very plain adventures of plain John Smith.

Much of what is called philosophical and metaphysical speculation is manufactured in the same way. Do partridges when preparing for a night's slumber form themselves into a cart-wheel by placing their heads in a common centre, like the will horses of the prairie, or their tails? And do they sleep with one eye open? if so, which eye? Again; a stone-post—is it an actual verity, a positive stony object? or is it merely an ideal formation, an essence or abstraction of the whole genus stone-post which the deluded spectator conceives to exist in his mind? Questions of like moment and importance have been brought under the hammer of the transcendental speculator and sophist. The reasoning is thinner and more fanciful than the fabric that dreams are made of; and a breath of common sense would reduce it into an impalpable powder; but place a title after the author's name—an L. L. D., or an F. R. S., or an X. Y. Z., and the work (or title) takes the literary public by storm, and sets everybody a-thinking.

A book of this kind is not only a specimen of hammering in itself, but is the cause of incessant hammering in others. Wherever a copy of it chances to fall, a multitude of critics and reviewers spring up; and these, abstracting a leaf or two, industriously hammer away until the theory of the partridge fortification or the stone-post is spread over paper enough to line all the band-boxes between this and Paris.

And this leads us to say a word of newspaper writers and correspondents. In this department a beautiful system prevails. A well conducted journal employs several hammerers. The chief *par excellence*, and *par salary*, furnishes *leaders*. And it is astonishing to contemplate of what malleable matter leaders are composed. 'The present momentous crisis of our national affairs,' &c. &c.; or 'Since the days of Grecian anarchy and Roman misrule no more dangerous measure was ever presented for the indignant reprobation of freemen, than that,' &c.; or, 'Our brother of the Squantum True Grit will pardon us if we venture to pronounce his reply to our remarks on the causes of the decline of the Herring fishery a most unmitigated,' &c.; or 'An enlightened community have a right to demand of their representatives an honest devotion,' &c.; or, 'The readers of this journal will perhaps remember that the consequences of this bill have verified to the letter what we ventured to predict,' &c. &c.; these or similar first sentences are every day beaten into leaders of a column's length, and sent forth to illuminate the mind of the turn-coat and the tap-drawer on the nature of their civil and political obligations. A good correspondent, an active, professional newsmonger, exhibits, during a dull season, a cleverness at hammering surpassed perhaps by no other scribbler. By some mysterious agency he comes into the possession of a tid-bit of gossip like the following:—Gen. Blank, walking on a terrace at Blank, with the lovely Miss Blank, of ——— origin, while discoursing on the geography of the heavens, slips and fractures his leg, thus terminating for a space his gallant career;—your correspondent seizing upon this sets himself to work and straightway deduces a train of political and military consequences (said train being longer or shorter according to the pay,) which the intelligent public devours with a zest which long indulgence in gratifying a restless curiosity can alone confer. Steam and magnetism are making sad inroads upon the domain of correspondents, and if the present high rates of telegraphic communication continue to obtain, the ingenious and lucrative art of hammering will pass into disuse, and news, gossip and scandal will be transmitted only in solid, compact masses.

Passing by several other illustrations which we had proposed to introduce, let us dwell for a moment on pulpit-hammering. And we would deal tenderly with this topic; for it is a custom consecrated by very ancient and very respectable usage, and connected with the earliest as well as latest reminiscences of our life. More than any one else, perhaps, the pulpit orator is excusable for resorting to the hammer. The nature of his subject often demands it; the character of his audience oftener. Mooted questions in theology, schismatic and innovating doctrines can be exposed by no other means so well. The ponderous hammer of a doctor of divinity is wielded with peculiar effect at theological anniversaries; fashionable city audiences are lulled and lauded by the musical clink of the polished hammer of finished scholarship; and plain country people solemnly nod approval to the intermittent action now of the mind, now of the elbow, and now of both combined and put in motion by their faithful expounder of the text. It should be noted that in all the varieties of pulpit-hammering the subject is the same. The Bible is an inexhaustible mine of pure gold. Whatever topic of argument or illustration is selected from it will endure the hammering of ages, and yet remain as pure and precious as at the first. It ennobles the operator and gives dignity to his profession. Passages of it may be beaten until they become extended enough to cover theories the most monstrous, and to conceal moral deformities the most heinous; yet is not the nature of the passage thereby changed; only the hammerer himself becomes false to his trust, and the product of his hand is but sounding *brass* and a tinkling cymbal.

In conclusion, we would submit it to the taste and good judgment of the reader who has patiently followed us thus far, if there are not at this moment, existing causes for censure or criticism like that which we have adopted; if hammering is not becoming one of the follies of the age; if wise men are not foolishly wasting time in excessive explanations and superfluous simplification; if this abuse of the reasoning faculty and destroyer of industrious application might not safely be lopped off from the pulpit, the lecture room, the newspaper, the author's desk and the philosopher's compend; in short, if this shell of an article does not contain the smallest possible kernel of an idea? Appropriate the kernel and throw the shell to the winds.

BRUNO.

For the Reflector & Watchman.

VISITING THE POPE.

Some travelling wight has lately visited Rome, principally, as it appears from his own showing, for the purpose of coming into the august presence of Pope Pius. He writes to the Atlas, of this city, on his return to Boston, and describes an 'extraordinary interview,' with his Holiness. 'A tall dragoon' of Pius knocked loudly at his door and awoke him in the night from his slumbers. The trembling sleeper says that his first thought on awaking was, that 'he had been suspected of conspiring against the State or the Church!' This feeling he adds was increased by the severe tone and demeanor of the dragoon and by the paper he held in his hand. 'On seeing me he asked if I was Signor ——? I replied in the affirmative, when he handed me the packet, saying, 'A message from his Holiness, the Pope.' This message came to him as a reprieve comes to a prisoner. 'Breaking the seal,' he says, 'I soon ascertained the nature and object of the communication, which were to inform me that my request of a private interview had been granted, and the time appointed for the next evening, at 5 o'clock, I having taken my seat in the diligence to leave but three hours after, thereby affording me just the necessary time for the visit.' He continues as follows:

'According to etiquette in such cases, I despatched a note to the private Secretary of the Pope, expressing my gratification at the favorable answer to my request, and my pleasure in accepting the gracious permission of his Holiness.

'At half-past four, my friends and myself drove to the Qurinal. On arriving, we were ushered into the ante-room, where we were kept but a short time in waiting; for scarcely had we taken note of things about us, when it was announced that the Pope was ready to receive us. I entered first, and was surprised at being announced as 'bearer of despatches from the Nuncio at Paris to his Holiness;' it thus appearing that the packages I had brought, contained papers of importance from the Minister at the French Court to his Government at home. This was the secret of the success of my application, when almost all other strangers at Rome were denied an interview—a success which particularly surprised my friends and countrymen there, who had long before made application through our Consul, but who had abandoned all hopes of an interview. But to return.

'On entering into the presence of the Pope, we knelt at the door and again as we approached him. We then stated that we had felt no desire to see the crowned heads of Europe; but that, as Americans, we could not willingly leave Rome without seeing one who had done, and was still doing so much for the amelioration of mankind; that we had been charged by our friends in America to see his Holiness, &c. &c.'

Having dealt out more in the same strain of soft words, the Pope graciously deigned a reply. Then came the close of the comedy—the ceremony of leaving. On that head our American Protestant visitor to his Holiness, writes:

'But the time having arrived for us to take leave, my friend Mr. —— suggested that the blessing of his Holiness would do us no harm, whereupon we knelt down requesting his fatherly benediction, which he bestowed upon us individually, laying his hand on the head of each respectively. On me he pronounced the following in Latin: 'I bless you, my son, from the bottom of my soul, I bless you for this world and the next—for time and eternity!' The others were blessed in a manner equally fervent. But now taking my leave, I took hold of his Holiness' hand and raised it to my lips, he at the same time pressing mine most warmly in both of his.

Retiring to the door, we again touched the knee to the floor, according to the etiquette of the Papal court, when we passed out of the room, thus losing sight, probably forever, of the noble and pleasing features of his Holiness, Pius IX., the best, and it may be, the last of the Popes.

'Before presenting ourselves at the Quirinal, we had taken counsel as to our dress. The lady, Mrs. E., wore black entire, with a black veil over the head and falling down the shoulders, leaving the face uncovered. She was without bonnet, and without gloves. I said her dress was entirely black. I am mistaken, for she had ingeniously combined the Pope's colors in the form of a knot, on her bosom, which produced a fine effect. Mr. E. and myself were also in black, with dress coats, but without hat and gloves, having left them in the ante-room.

'On visiting the Pope, it is generally customary, especially by 'the faithful,' to carry a quantity of the emblems of the Catholic religion to be blessed. In our case, not being of the 'true faith,' we took but few articles of our own, although we were loaded down with chaplets, crosses, medals, &c., belonging to others. In the ante-room these were arranged in separate parcels, on a silver salver, and thus borne by a servant to his Holiness, who blessed each lot successively. Now this may seem trivial to the indifferent, for the votaries of the Romish church only can fully appreciate the act.'

Next follows a flattering description of the Pope, already familiar to the world. We marvel that this pseudo Protestant did not before leaving his Holiness insist upon a lower prostration even than is seen in the foregoing. Kissing the Pope's great toe, to which kings and emperors once descended, would have added a natural and fine climax to the scene. Surely the world must be growing better.

For the Reflector & Watchman.

A PROFITABLE LESSON FORCIBLY TAUGHT.

More than twenty years since, the late Dr. Staughton gave me the following passage in his personal history:

'When I was young in the ministry, I had occasion to visit Kittering, and while there, although I had no object beyond my own gratification, I called on the Rev. Andrew Fuller. I found him in his study busily occupied with his pen, and, by his air of abstraction, seeming to say, 'Be short; my time is precious.' I felt that I was an intruder, but determined, if possible, to make an impression that would remove the cloud from his brow, and secure the sunshine of his favor. So I referred to his 'Gospel worthy of all acceptation,' which has just been published, expressing, in warm terms, the satisfaction which I had found in the perusal of the work, and my unbounded admiration of the ability with which he had managed the discussion. I thought his countenance lighted up a little, and began to be confident that I had made a good hit.

'Ah!' said he, 'then you have read the book, have you?'

'I have, and with great pleasure.'

'How long since you read it?'

'It was only yesterday that I finished it.'

'Then you have read it quite through?'

'I have. I was so much interested in the course of argument, that after I commenced it, I could give my mind to nothing else until it was completed.'

'I am glad to hear this, my young brother; I like to have my works read, and to know what careful, judicious readers think of my views. Perhaps you will give me your opinion of some of my positions, and of the manner in which I have maintained them?'

'O, certainly; I think you have been very thorough in the discussion, and left Antinomianism not a square inch to stand upon.'

'Very well; what do you think of my remarks in support of the second proposition in part second?'

I hesitated, and endeavored to recollect the proposition, but was obliged to confess that it did not just then occur to me.

'Perhaps, then, you remember the fifth proposition. What do you think of the reasonings and conclusions under that head?'

Here, also, I was compelled to acknowledge myself at fault.

'Do you recollect what the arguments in part second are designed to prove?'

I was unable to state the point, and began to wish myself far away. But still he followed me closely with inquiries, to none of which I could give a definite reply. With every failure, I sunk in my own estimation. I could give no account of the contents of the book, and keenly felt that in complimenting the author, I had betrayed a vanity that deserved chastisement. He made no comments, but simply proposed questions, which, had I read the work with care, I could easily have answered.

In due time, he desisted, and, greatly to my relief, I was permitted to retire. The rebuke was severe, but salutary. I learned from it never to speak well or ill of a book without the ability to declare, from personal knowledge, what the book contains.'

REPORTER.

For the Reflector & Watchman.

INTOLERANCE OF THE BRITISH STEAMERS,

CONTRASTED WITH THE TOLERANCE OF THE AMERICAN STEAMERS.

Probably many of the Christian public in our country are not aware that no minister of the Gospel, either English or American, except he be of the Church of England or Scotland, can conduct divine service on board the ocean steamers of the Cunard line. Not a year ago two celebrated Baptist clergymen were crossing to England by the Cambria. These gentlemen in company with four or five friends were assembled in the aft cabin, at a time of day when no one wished to occupy that part of the ship, engaged in reading the Psalms of David. The captain hearing the fact came down and peremptorily forbade them to proceed, asserting that such were the orders of the ship, which he was obliged to enforce. The writer having occasion to cross to England by the Caledonia four months ago, found the intolerant rule strictly regarded. The captain read prayers on the Sabbath, though he knew a number of clergymen were on board.

We returned home in our own noble steamer, the Hermann, where the accommodations were better, and the fare fifty dollars less, and what is best of all any persons can read the Bible and worship God as they like. Capt. Crabtree invited us to preach both Sabbaths that we were on board, which we did to a large and attentive audience of passengers, the only person understanding English, who refused to come in, being a young graduate from Oxford and a rigid Puseyite. At the close of our service on the second Sabbath, another young man from Oxford requested our captain to allow him and his friends to have the Church of England service, and quite contrary to his expectation, Capt. Crabtree, just like every true hearted American captain, most cordially granted his request. The young gentlemen next came to me soliciting my attendance, and very much to his surprise, I heartily assented, and was about the first on the spot. Some six or seven assembled. And now a debate ensued in regard to whether the Queen or the President should be prayed for, as we were on board an American ship. At length the gentleman from Oxford commenced the ceremony of reading, and after praying for the Queen, Prince Albert, the Queen dowager, all the royal family and the host of bishops, he put the President in at the end, at the same time looking up with an important air as though he felt to say 'Now isn't this doing bravely on board an American ship.' I need not say that all except himself and companion were disgusted.

Perhaps, Messrs. Editors, I have spun too long a yarn about these two poor foolish young men from Oxford, but I feel bound in justice to apprise my countrymen of the fact that though persons may curse and swear, play cards or get drunk at any time of day or night, in any part of the steamers of the Cunard line, they cannot assemble in companies of half a dozen to read the Bible or pray without being interrupted. Will our people submit to such insult, or will they not rather patronise the boats of their own country where there are no such hateful rules? The above you may rely upon as a plain statement of facts for which I hold myself personally responsible.

ELI NOYES.

Boston, Mass.

DOCTRINAL PREACHING.

We do not sympathize in the feeling, that all knowledge and all good dwelt in the past.—The past, had it been possible, might have learned much from the present, as it is certain the present may ever take lessons of the past. The following paragraph, quoted from a correspondence of the Philadelphia Presbyterian, is worth noting. It conveys a hint in reference to sermons preached on special occasions, as compared with those of former years, deserving to be heeded. The writer, describing the late anniversary of the General Association of Massachusetts, says:

'One thing, however, has strongly impressed me in regard to the discourses delivered before this venerable body. It is the total absence of everything like doctrine. All that it has been my privilege to hear have been alike in this respect. At the meeting in 1846, the sermon was a glorification of the New England pilgrims; that of 1847, was on the duty of forming a correct estimate of the times in which we live; and this now delivered is, in this particular, of a similar stamp. Among so large a body of able, learned, and pious ministers, this is certainly very surprising. At the close of the sermon a, good old man remarked, 'I am much disappointed; I am disatisfied.' 'Why,' said he, 'the sermon reminds me of the remark of good old father——, 'that five thousand such sermons would not convert a rat.' 'O!' said he, 'it was very different in former times at our meetings of the Association. Then we heard in these sermons, of Christ and his great atonement—of the fall, and present ruined state of man—of the glories of heaven—of the blessedness of the saints—and of the duties of the Christian life. These great subjects filled our souls, and caused our hearts to burn within us as we communed together respecting the interests of the churches. Frequently, powerful revivals commenced at these meetings, and spreading to the churches around, precious souls in great numbers were gathered into the kingdom of Christ.'

CATHOLIC MAGAZINE AND THE CONSTITUTIONS.

The United States Catholic Magazine and Monthly Review, 'the official organ of the most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore, and the Right Rev. Bishop of Richmond, and published with the approbation of the Right Rev. Bishops of the United States; edited by the Rev. Charles I. White, D. D., Baltimore,' contains, a respectful and ingenious article on Chase's Apostolical Constitutions, lately published by the Appletons. Some of its statements, however, need correction. Truth and error are so mingled as to make impressions which ought not to be made.

'Almost all critics,' says the writer, 'agree that these constitutions were not compiled by St. Clement, and were not framed by the Apostles; yet that they embrace different portions of the ancient liturgies, and various points of discipline, as observed by the primitive Christians. Such is the opinion of Catholic critics, and many of the most learned among Protestant writers. Together with the Apostolical Constitutions, appeared also the Canons of the Apostles, a collection of disciplinary enactments, which are equally admitted to be posterior to the apostolic age, and to consist of canons framed by councils or bishops in the second and third centuries. Thus far, the apostolic constitutions and canons are a reliable authority in regard to various points of discipline, which were observed throughout the church at large or in particular districts, and indirectly they bear witness to different matters of faith. The several orders of the priesthood, the superiority of bishops over priests, the eucharistic sacrifice, prayers for the dead during the oblation, &c., are plainly mentioned in this collection, which consequently affords not the slightest ground for the Protestant to think that his church is that of the earliest Christian times.'

The reasoning here is remarkable. A book acknowledged to have been forged some centuries after the time of the Apostles, contains a certain doctrine or a certain precept; therefore, that doctrine or that precept comes down to us from the *earliest Christian times*, that is, in effect, from Christ himself and his Apostles!

The writer proceeds: 'Hence frequent attempts have been made by learned Protestants to lessen the authority of the apostolic canons and constitutions, and among them the author of the Prize Essay at the University of Bonn, and his translator, the Rev. Dr. Chase. They would lead their readers to imagine that this collection is an evidence of innovations having been introduced into the church and a means by which those innovations were afterwards perpetuated. But the reasoning of these gentlemen is of a very singular character, and far behind the age. They lay it down as an incontrovertible principle, that whatever is in favor of Catholic doctrine and discipline must necessarily be at war with the Bible and the practice of the apostolic age; hence they infer that the collection passing under the name of Constitutions and Canons of the Apostles, is a fanciful production in regard to those points in which Catholicity is represented to the disadvantage of Protestantism.'

But *where* has it been laid down 'as an incontrovertible principle, that whatever is in favor of Catholic doctrine and discipline must necessarily be at war with the Bible and the practice of the apostolic age'? The principle assumed (and who can controvert it?) is, that whatever is 'at war with the Bible and the practice of the apostolic age,' must, in respect to primitive Christianity, be an innovation.

It is added: 'But there are two considerations which give this collection weight, as a witness, in favor of Catholic discipline, and against the innovations of modern reformers. The first of these is that the Catholic discipline there set forth is on many points confirmed by the testimony of the earliest liturgies and eccle-

siastical writers: the second is, that Protestant critics themselves have vindicated the authority of this collection. It is in vain then for the prize essayist or his translator to treat us to speculative discussions on the subject; it will never cease to be true that the canons and constitutions of the Apostles, although not written by the Apostles, and although containing various inaccuracies, are in many respects a faithful representation of the discipline which was practised in the very earliest periods of the Christian era.'

The testimony of the liturgies referred to, is, for the most part, *later* than that of the constitutions themselves. Those liturgies cannot testify respecting the times in which the Apostles lived. The earliest ecclesiastical writers are valuable in their places; but they are not to be regarded as having apostolical authority. Let them be carefully examined with all fairness; and let what each has said pass for all that it is worth. If Protestant critics themselves have vindicated the authority of this collection,' let them, too, be heard with all due respect. Let their arguments be examined and justly estimated. And let the same even-handed justice be shown to the arguments of others, whether Protestants or Papists. But that the authority of the constitutions has been advocated by one or more Protestants, cannot, surely, of itself, make it 'in vain for the prize essayist or his translator,' to discuss the subject.

The reviewer concludes by speaking of the constitutions as giving us 'in many respects a faithful representation of the discipline which was practised in the very earliest periods of the Christian era.' If he had said *an early* period, instead of '*the very earliest*,' his statement would have been correct. And that it would have been in perfect harmony with the opinion expressed in the volume which was under review, is evident from the translator's dedication: 'To the candid and intelligent of all parties, this volume is inscribed, in the hope that it may contribute somewhat toward helping them to understand what was the state of the church at an early period, and to make such reflections as may reasonably be expected, at the present time, from disciples of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.'

Surely, the intelligent must know, and the candid must acknowledge, that the difference between an early period and the very earliest, may have been sufficiently great for the introduction of many innovations.—*N. Y. Recorder.*

REFLECTOR & WATCHMAN.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1848.

HEATHENDOM.

Last week we suggested to our readers a few thoughts on the present state of Christendom as a field of missionary effort. In that connection it may be well to keep in view the general aspect of that broad realm of darkness, called Heathendom, and the great work which is there to be accomplished. 'The field is the world;' and although it still yields its revenues to that apostate spirit who is called the 'god of this world,' the Lord of the harvest has bidden us to conquer it, to plough it, plant it, and reap its increase for Him.

When we turn our eyes to the vast continents of Asia and Africa, we behold there considerably more than half of the human race sunk in degrading superstition, the victims of infernal systems of idolatry, systems which deify every vice, which sanction the vilest despotism, which are at war with every right of man, and every interest of humanity. From the first faint gleam which marks the dawn of profane history as well as the flood of light which is shed at the present day on the condition of our race, we see that idolatry has held the majority of men within the labyrinthal network of its satanic schemes. Everywhere it shows itself to be the worthy product of 'the father of lies.' When we consider its nature, its extent, its genius and power, its unchanging character, its vast resources, its affinity with everything base and devilish; there seems to be something superhuman in its very conception; and it wears an aspect of grandeur like that which invests the poetic descriptions of Hell that we find in Dante and Milton. No wonder is it that all the schools of philosophy, and all the associations of merely human philanthropy quail before it; that none of these have ever dared to wrestle with it, or to commit themselves in aggressive warfare against it. Nay, more: so deeply rooted does Idolatry seem to be in the elements of human nature itself, that all philosophical schools, and all the societies which worldly men have organized to promote civilization, reform and human progress, have made a mock at every missionary plan of action that has contemplated the overthrow of its stupendous systems. It is Christianity alone which has courage to attempt the work; and she has courage only from her faith in the word of Him who came in the fullness of time as the Redeemer of men, and was manifested to destroy 'the works of the Devil.'

Hence, it is the glory of our age, and, we may say, the crowning glory of our country, that the American churches in their early youth, have committed themselves so openly to grapple with those hoary and wide-spread systems of Idolatry which have been for so many centuries fortified and entrenched in those ancient lands first occupied by the fathers of the eastern nations. Her sons and daughters have gone forth in the might of their very weakness, having no sword but the divine word, no policy but the most open-hearted and transparent simplicity—have gone as men and women wondered at in the high places of earthly wisdom; and already, they have won such trophies as to prove that their every aim is practicable, and that their ultimate triumph is sure. As now and then we have seen one and another of them returning and passing before us with their Burman and Siamese, their Chinese, Karen, and African converts, our hearts have burned within us as we have said, 'Behold here are those who went forth weeping, bearing precious seed, now come again bringing their sheaves with them, the first fruits of the harvest to be gathered from the eastern world.'

Nevertheless, while it is true that Christians, in general, are but partially awake to the calls which come from the heathen world, it is also evident that they are not roused and quickened as they ought to be by the great success of the laborers in the field. The results have been glorious, considering the difficulties that have been encountered and the amount of effort that has been put forth. CAREY and his co-adjutors, who made a wide breach in the tremendous barrier thrown around Hindostan by the Institution of Caste, effected what the wisest men of this world pronounced impossible. JUDSON, having labored with effect during the life-time of one generation, has been in our midst, and has gone back with all the fire of his early enthusiasm to renew his work. WADE, too, has already attained results which would distinguish his life and times had they stretched over the length of seventy years; and yet he is amongst us in the meridian of his day with reasonable hopes of returning to his field to begin afresh with unabated vigor. The same remarks may be made of KINCAID and VINTON, who have lived long lives, if their lives are measured by what they have done. A few years ago, it was generally believed that the work of preaching the gospel and raising up churches in China would be reserved for Christians of a future age, but DEAN and SHUCK, comparatively young men, have already visited us in company with converts of the most promising character, and a Chinese preacher, who, by means of an interpreter, has spoken from our pulpits, is now again employed in addressing his countrymen at home. Other missionaries, too, like MASON, who have continued their work with but little interruption, and are producing changes which it will be the business of future historians to record. Surely, we have cause to exclaim, 'What hath God wrought!'

Let all the members of our churches lay these things to heart. And if those lines should meet the eye of any opposer of missions, or of any one indifferent to them, to him we commend the great facts of our missionary history. Let every one ask himself, 'What is my state of service?' Let us have a care lest the complaint of the prophet against ancient Israel be uttered against us, 'Lord, thou hast lifted up thy hand but they will not see!'

UNITARIAN JUSTIFICATION.

We copy the following from the Religious [Unitarian] Monthly Magazine, published in this city, and edited by Rev. F. D. Huntington. Treating of Justification, a writer in the Magazine says

'From what has been said, it is plain that man cannot be justified, or made just, by faith *alone*. Justification by faith *alone*, if it has any meaning, must needs imply the *exclusion* of every other justifying principle, consequently the exclusion of charity and good works, and thus the exclusion of neighborly love and its operation. It may, perhaps, be said, no; for according to the general idea of faith, it includes both charity and good works, thus both neighborly love and its operation, and therefore may be considered as the primary and *sole* cause of justification. But according to this idea, allow us to ask, how can justification be attributed to faith *alone*, when, by the above confession, charity and good works are *united with* faith in producing justifying effects? For can charity, faith, and good works, *all conspire* to effect a purpose, and can it be said, with any degree of propriety, that the purpose is effected by any one of these agents *singly*, to the exclusion of the rest? Why, then, be unwilling to allow to charity and good works, the same justifying efficacy which is allowed to faith, while at the same time it is acknowledged that charity and good works are always *connected with* justifying faith? Or why insist that faith *includes* charity and good works when it is plain, from the testimony of the Sacred Scriptures, that charity and works are perpetually spoken of as things *distinct from* faith, and in some instances *superior* to faith, which cannot be supposed to have been the case, had they been included and involved in it?'

We cannot understand the import of the foregoing, if it do not plainly involve a contradiction of Paul's affirmation, wherein he declares, '*It is God that justifieth.*' We have been accustomed to regard justification as the act of God, but according to this Unitarian writer, it is the act of man himself! He comes before the Divine Being—if he come at all—not to plead for forgiveness and acceptance through the merit of another, but through his own. His faith, if it may be thus called—it is the veriest mental exercise, and no gift of God—does not 'lay its hand' upon the head of Christ, but upon his own head. He believes in himself, but not in the Redeemer of men.

It is curious to observe how such a theory of justification makes the entire mission of Christ one of supererogation. It fails to invest his character and office with as much dignity and consequence as are made in the eye of the Mussulman to surround Mahomet. According to such a theory, it would in fact be difficult to see what need the creature has of Christ at all. The heathen man who lifts an ox out of the ditch, performs a deed of charity, which, with other kindred deeds, would secure him justification in the sight of God. Wherein does this teaching differ from the ideas of merit, which, as a Pagan, he has already learned? The existence of Jehovah, he is taught by His works, by His eternal power and Godhead. He hence has no need of any further revelation. To make known to him Christ, as one who died for his sins, and who justifies him that believes, would be needless enough. The breach that lies open between him and God, his own hands can close. His good deeds form a ladder that reaches to heaven. He is safe according to our writer's plan of justification, without any special revelation from God, or any work except his own. At most, you have but to make known to him somewhat more clearly than is now apparent to his mind, the existence of a Supreme Being.

We submit if teaching like this, is not infidelity,—whether it is not as direct an antagonism to the principles of the New Testament, and as pleasing to human nature, as man can frame. If Paul in his zealous propagation of Judaism, directed his efforts toward destroying the faith of the gospel, what less are they doing, who teach that man is his own justifier?

BROWN UNIVERSITY.

The day preceding the celebration of Commencement, Tuesday, Sept. 5th, was devoted to the anniversaries of literary societies connected with the College. An unusually large number of graduates and of literary men attended. The celebration of the Phi Beta Kappa Society was observed on Tuesday morning in Rev. Dr. Hall's church. The Oration was pronounced by Rev. Dr. Swan L. Pomroy, of Bangor, Me., and was listened to with much satisfaction by a large and attentive auditory. It was chiefly 'a comparison of the ancient and modern times.' The topic was very fitly introduced by a pithy quotation from Lord Bacon, and then illustrated under the four heads of Education, Science, Literature and Art. Time will not allow us to enter into a minute and extended criticism of the performance. We may, however, be permitted to speak of the orator's illustrations of topics, drawn from personal observations made during his recent travels in classic lands, as being peculiarly happy and appropriate.

In the afternoon of the same day, the UNDERGRADUATE SOCIETIES joined in the celebration of their anniversaries at the same church. The Oration was by the Hon. Lafayette S. Foster, of Norwich, Conn. The subject was, *The importance of living with reference to some wise and Specific Object.* Some of his historical illustrations, particularly Cromwell and Roger Williams, were received with applause by a crowded audience. The orator exhibited a most excellent spirit, and evidently left a happy impression upon the minds of his hearers.

The oration was succeeded by a Poem by CHARLES THURBER, Esq., of Worcester, and a better and more successful Commencement Poem it has never been our privilege to hear. The topic was, *The Dignity of Man.* The poet exhibited man in the various professions and employment of life, and showed how little he could boast of on the score of dignity. And how much there was in his nature and conduct, both humiliating and degrading. The verse of the Poem was smooth and graceful, its wit was keen, and its satires were pointed. Many portions of it were exceedingly laughable, as the excited risibles of the auditors abundantly attested. We hope to see it in print ere long.

On Tuesday evening, Rev. Dr. CHEEVER, of New York, addressed the 'Society for Missionary Inquiry,' in the Beneficent Congregational Church, instead of Manning Hall, the usual place for such annual addresses. The Speaker announced as his theme, *The Distinction between Faith in God and Faith in God's Word.* The latter he insisted upon as being essential, in connection with the former, to all true personal piety, as well as to the attainment of the great objects of Christian missions. The discourse was one of uncommon ability, and was characterized by an earnest and forcible delivery. The illustrations were varied, and many of them strikingly beautiful and appropriate. The choir, under the direction of their skilful and accomplished leader, discoursed most excellent music. The whole occasion was one of great interest, and will without doubt be productive of much spiritual good. ALUMNUS.

EXERCISES ON WEDNESDAY.

The Annual Commencement of this seat of learning was celebrated at Providence on Wednesday, Sept. 6th, under auspicious circumstances. The sky was clear, the air temperate, the streets were thronged, and the whole scene wore the aspect of a time-honored holiday. Throughout Rhode Island, there is a very general suspension of business on Commencement-day; and from the hills, the vales, and villages, 'living streams' are poured into the Metropolis, which becomes an immense reservoir of life, excitement, and festivity. From all parts of the State, from the shores of the Blackstone on the North to Watch-Hill and Point Judith on the South, representatives of every class, the old and the young, clergy, doctors, lawyers, farmers, merchants, artizans, students, are accustomed to meet at Providence, and enjoy a day of social greeting, if not of literary entertainment. There was a large attendance of Alumni on Wednesday, who had left their fields of professional toil in near and remote sections of the country in order to perform a pilgrimage to the halls of their Alma Mater, and offer their tributes of love and reverence.

At a little after 10 o'clock the procession, preceded by a band of music, entered that noble old edifice, the First Baptist church, built before the Revolution with a view to such occasions as this. The opening prayer was offered, as usual, by President Wayland, and the exercises of the graduating class were performed in the following order

1. The Salutatory Oration in Latin. *James Edward Leech*, Bridgewater, Mass.

2. 'The relation of the Author to his age.' An Intermediate Oration. *Thomas Baldwin Barnaby*, Boston, Mass.

3. 'The social and moral results of the increased facilities of intercommunication.' An Essay. *Joseph Howard Bowen*, Providence.

4. 'The Mission of St. Patrick to Ireland.' An Oration of the second Class. *Samuel Brown Vernon*, Newport.

MUSIC.

5. 'Architecture as an exponent of a Nation's character.' A Dissertation. *Augustus Hoppin*, Providence.

6. 'The New Netherlanders and their descendants.' A Dissertation. *George Walford*, Knox, N. Y.

7. 'Civil Freedom dependent upon pure Christianity.' A Dissertation. *James Wheaton Smith*, Calais, Me.

8. 'The Treatment of the Insane.' A Dissertation. *George Spring Tuft*, Uxbridge, Mass.

MUSIC.

9. 'The remote connections of Events.' An Oration of the second Class. *Nehemiah Allen Leonard*, New Bedford, Mass.

10. 'Florence in the Middle Ages.' An Intermediate Oration. *Pendleton Murrah*, Marion, Ala.

11. The Classical Oration: 'The Elysium of the ancient Mythology.' *Lafayette Burr*, Providence.

MUSIC.

AWARD OF PREMIUMS.

CONFERRING OF DEGREES.

12. 'The Ideal and the Real in the Life of the Scholar.' An Oration. *James Edward Leech.*

The class consisted of thirty, to nine others of whom parts were assigned. These were excused from speaking—for what reasons it is not ours to say. They were not spoken of as being sick or absent, yet they seemed to be *invalids* on this occasion. Those who did speak, however, well sustained the honor of the University, and met the expectations of the audience. Their subjects were happily chosen, they commanded a wide range of thought, and their elocution was manly and impressive. While all exhibited the effects of sound teaching, every one developed individuality of character. We have rarely attended a commencement where a general encomium needs so little to be qualified by any reference to particular exceptions.

The degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon the following gentlemen, in course

Elnah Williams, class of 1821; John M. Moriarty, class of 1827; Francis Whitefield Emmons, class of 1828; Jacob Richardson Scott, class of 1836; Charles William Parsons, class of 1840; James Ryland Kendrick, class of 1840, Albert Edgar Dennison, class of 1842; David Barnes Ford, James Audem, Marshall Woods, William Forde Hansell, James Monroe Symonds, Eli Thayer, Isaac Foote Cady, William Hadley Eaton, class of 1845.

The following honorary degrees were announced by the President.

MASTER OF ARTS.

William Mitchell, of Nantucket.
John Russell Bartlett, of New York.

DOCTOR IN DIVINITY.

The Reverend Swan Lyman Pomroy, of Bangor, Maine.

DOCTOR OF LAWS.

Charles Edward Forbes, one of the Justices of the Supreme Judicial Court of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Richard Ward Greene, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Rhode Island.

At the dinner which succeeded the public exercises, General Tallmadge, of New York, eloquently responded to a sentiment commemorative of the class of 1798. It was interesting to listen to a man who stood there as the representative of a class whose youthful feet were familiar with that spot a half-century ago. The General alluded to the convulsions which rocked Europe during the period of his studies—events which were the subjects of thought and conversation among American students, and filled the hearts of young men with enthusiastic hopes of the progress of liberty. He contrasted the character of the French Revolution with our own, and expressed the fear that even now the French people have not that just conception of liberty which involves the principles of self-government, without which liberty is but anarchy and a Republic more intolerable than the iron rule of the Corsican.

Many pleasant reminiscences were awakened by gentlemen who spoke in behalf of different classes, and among them was Judge Barton, of Worcester, who brought to mind the days when he used to travel, a solitary passenger from Worcester to Providence, in Abner Cooper's two-horse stage. He hoped that the present facilities of travel would induce the sons of the University to pay her an annual visit.

Speeches were made also by Mr. Bacon, of Worcester, Dr. Pomroy, of Bangor, Charles Bradley, Esq. of Providence. Mr. Thurber, the poet of the preceding day, being called upon to respond to a sentiment, rose and excused himself on account of *hoarseness*. In his satirical poem, on Tuesday, he had ventured a hit at the clergy in the following strain,

when hoarseness grows fierce
In clergy it often arises and leaves all the blame.

When Mr. Thurber offered his excuse, Dr. Pomroy rose, with the leave of the President, and humanely inquired whether the poet had become affected with a touch of Bronchitis? The question brought out a general burst of laughter, the shock of which the gentleman bore with great fortitude. Probably, of all the festive scenes which this world exhibits, there is not one to be found in which kindred spirits blend with more heart and soul, and generous friendship, than in the annual gathering of a College Commencement.

At the meeting of the Corporation, Dr. ALVAN BOND, of Norwich, was elected one of the Fellows, and SAMUEL GREENE ARNOLD, Esq., of Providence, was chosen a member of the Board of Trustees.

The University is in a flourishing condition. It has a powerful Faculty, second to none in the country; it has a Library of pre-eminent excellence in some departments, and as a whole, second only to that of Cambridge; it has a fine philosophical apparatus, combining all that is requisite for efficient teaching; and we are happy to say that the number of students who have entered the present year is larger than usual.

For one thing, however, there is an urgent demand; that is, a permanent fund, adequate to the support of the Faculty. In regard to this, the University is behind the times, giving salaries, the rates of which were fixed many years ago, and which are not now sufficient for the purposes of a salary. The Corporation will, ere long, call the attention of the friends of the University to this important subject, and we believe that they will find themselves cheered on to the prosecution of their noble aims, by the responses of a discerning and liberal public.

ANDOVER ANNIVERSARIES.

The services were commenced on Tuesday, A. M., by a sermon delivered to the Alumni, by the Rev. Dr. Richards, of Hanover, N. H. Those who listened to it, praised it as an able and forcible presentation of the discouragements which meet the Christian minister, and the encouragements to vanquish them.

The afternoon exercises, however, were those most anxiously expected. (Of Dr. Bushnell's discourse before the Porter Rhetorical Society, see report in another place.) Tuesday evening was occupied with orations before the societies. These before the Society of Inquiry, presented, 'The Influence of Missions upon Theology,' and 'Faith, the life of Missions.' Those before the Porter Rhetorical Society, discussed these themes—This World the Emblem of a higher Life, and Emmons and Channing. The speakers did their themes justice, and themselves great credit.

On Wednesday, the fortieth Anniversary of the Seminary was celebrated. It is no extravagant praise to say that the exercises of the occasion were worthy the manhood of the Institution. Twenty-eight young gentlemen graduated, and if the majority of those who spoke may be regarded as a fair criterion of the whole, we think that Andover has a fair warrant to glory in her sons. As writers, they exhibited maturity of thought and accuracy of discrimination—while as speakers, they were equally removed from a boisterous declamation, and the measured and sickening cadences of an effeminate sentimentalism. Of course, we speak not of each particular instance, but of the whole performance.

We had a proof of the truth that the majority among us are passing away in the changes of the Faculty at Andover. Prof. B. B. Edwards was inaugurated as assistant Prof. of Sacred Literature—an office long and ably filled by that Coryphæus, Prof. Stuart, whose shattered health forbids strenuous exertion longer. Rev. Austin Phelps was also inducted to the Professorship of Sacred Rhetoric.

THE BARNSTABLE ASSOCIATION

Held its 17th anniversary with the Baptist church at W. Harwich, Aug. 30 and 31. Bro. T. Wakefield, of Osterville, preached the introductory sermon, from Luke 3 4; 'Prepare ye the way of the Lord.' It was a very appropriate introduction to the services that followed. Religious meetings were held on the evening previous and the one following the meetings of the Association. Prayer meetings were also enjoyed each morning of the session. The business of the Association was transacted with a good degree of kindness and harmony. Besides the introductory, four sermons were preached during Tuesday and Wednesday by brethren Bigelow, Fitts, Kenney, and Huntly. The Circular Letter by bro. Pollard, on the Elements and Hindrances of Ministerial Success, was an interesting production, and a vote was passed recommending that it be read before the churches of the Association. The claims of several benevolent societies were presented, and the customary measures adopted. From the letters of the churches it appeared that five are destitute of pastors, two in consequence of pecuniary embarrassment, one in consequence of serious difficulties,—difficulties, however, which ought not to continue, and would not if each member of the church was filled with the Spirit, or was disposed to imitate Him who on the cross forgave his enemies—to practice the precepts of the gospel which inculcate forbearance, forgiveness and humility. The other destitute churches have been deprived of their pastors by death. Our excellent young brother Cobb, late pastor of Chatham church, died a few months since. He was the clerk of the Association last year and was appointed to preach the Association sermon this year. Chatham church felt deeply the bereavement. They have recently invited Rev. A. S. Lyon to become their pastor, and it is understood that he will enter upon his labors there soon. The other pastor, the Rev. S. Crowell, of South Yarmouth, was buried the Sabbath previous to the meeting of the Association. He preached the Sabbath previous to his church. The letter from that church prepared by him was read before the Association with a postcript announcing the death of the writer.

Barnstable Association is composed of seventeen churches, which are generally in a state of declension; some of them have been blessed with revivals during the past year. This is especially true of Osterville church and the colored church in Nantucket. Two of the churches are wealthy, several others are in good circumstances; others poor. One of the churches is African, two Indian and some are Island churches. The Nantucket church in consequence of fires and failures have been unable to clear themselves of the heavy debt incurred by building their meeting-house, and our excellent young brother Jeffreys, their pastor, it is understood, may soon visit our city churches and others, to solicit aid, and it is hoped that he may meet a cordial welcome and good success.

The West Harwich church afforded good entertainment. May the Lord reward them an hundred fold. The next meeting of the Association is appointed at Orleans. H. F.

LETTER FROM LONDON.

[From our Correspondent.]

Prospects of the Harvest—Unfavorable weather—The Potato Crop a general total failure—Distress and Excited Populace—Ireland—Emigration to the British Colonies—Revolutionary intervention—Conservatives—Radicals—Regeneration and true doctrine of grace in antagonism.

As a densely populated nation we are beginning to feel a little uneasy respecting the prospects of our harvest. Our grain crop has been ripe for some time but during the last three weeks we have had no fine weather for the getting of it in. We believe there is an average crop of cereal grains, but there is considerable danger of much of it being spoiled. The weather to day is overcast and cloudy, thermometer 58°, so that it really feels a little chilly. Our potato crop is a failure. Flattering as were the prospects a few weeks since, there is no mistake now. The blight has touched them and they are showing the sad effects of it. Its first appearance on my own potatoes was in black spots on the potato haum. Its withering effects were soon apparent, and its ruinous effects as certain. You must not suppose that *all* the potatoes are bad. It sometimes happens that not more than one-third of the crop is apparently diseased—even these are boiled and given to the pigs, whether wisely I cannot say. But the question is, will the other two-thirds keep? I believe not; time alone can show. I have no doubt but there will be a large demand for Indian corn if it can be bought for less than the price of peas. Our people will not eat it unless driven to it, and they prefer peas for swine. You may naturally exclaim, what prejudice! so say I, but as the old American auctioneer said, when he sold some of my furniture, 'It is as it is, if it aint as it should be.' Men's prejudices are like the bars of a castle. I have often found it extremely difficult to get corn for my own family use. One large corn-dealer told me that some of the millers would not grind it, and when they did, they could not separate the bran, but ground it all together, like barley-meal or feed. I cannot but think there is a little contrivance among the farmers and the millers to keep this grain as unpopular as they can, from the unsuitableness of our climate for its culture. They give it a bad name, and throw every impediment in the way of its use. But I must not put all the blame upon my countrymen, much of it as it comes here is really unfit for use. Either it ought never to have been shipped or it has been spoiled on the voyage.

Ireland continues quiet, some say subdued, but not conquered. Her leading revolutionists are under arrest and will probably be placed beyond the seas. If then the revolutionary feeling be partial and limited, it will probably go out, but if it be as general as I have been led to suppose, its embers will glow, and blaze with the first breeze of autumn, or as soon as the harvest is finished.

The subject of emigration to the British colonies is attracting a large amount of attention at present. Indeed, the feeling appears general that something must be done to get rid of the surplus population of this country. Australia and New Zealand appear to be much in favor by our people, but the expense of getting a large family to either of these colonies seems to me to throw an insuperable barrier in the way of very extensive emigration to either, and government with all its promises has done nothing to facilitate emigration to either of these colonies, the present session.

On Sunday evening I hope to baptize two very interesting young men who have been received by the church. A third would have been among them, but sudden and unexpected sickness from which he is slowly recovering forbids his leaving his chamber for the present. The two are from the world the third from the Episcopal church. Indeed, he was occasionally clerk at the church. His mind has been gradually enlightened to see the errors of Episcopacy and especially that dogma of Romanism, baptismal regeneration. A sermon on baptism within the walls of the established church drove him out of it. The sermon in his opinion, irrespective of its inculcation of error on the baptismal question, trenched on the doctrines of grace. Hence he sought an interview with the Episcopal minister, when the following conversation took place as nearly as I can remember, the main points are verbatim.

Enquirer. Will you allow me sir to ask you a question in order to get rid of a difficulty produced by your sermon of last Sunday morning?

Episcopal Minister. Certainly.

Enquirer. Did you not preach a sermon a week or two back, on the doctrines of grace, in which you said salvation was all of grace, '*not of works lest any man should boast*'?

E. M. I did.

Enquirer. Last Sunday in your sermon on baptism you said that unless a child was baptized it could not go to heaven, did you not, sir?

E. M. I believe I did.

Enquirer. Now sir, my brother has an infant and it has been baptized; I have one that has not been baptized. If my brother's infant die you say it will go to heaven, and should mine die it will *not* go to heaven. *Is not that salvation by works, sir?*

Here the Episcopal minister was lost. He promised, however, to lend him a little book, the reading of which would remove all his difficulties. I need not assure you that it utterly failed. Since then he has regularly attended my ministry, and though warmly attached to this very amiable Episcopal minister, he can no longer take him for his spiritual guide, or sit under him as a preacher of a gospel he does not himself understand. HASHMONAH.

Prospect House, Aug. 25, 1848.

TRANQUILITY IN PARIS.

Here, in Paris, writes a correspondent of The Commercial Advertiser, under date of August 17th, 'no one knows what a day may bring forth.' The main reliance of the present Government is manifestly on the strength of its military arm. Parties run high, and in their attitude toward each other they are exceedingly antagonistical. The legitimists avow their belief that the Bourbon line must be again established. A pure republic appears to be now out of the question. The Napoleon influence in the army and among the people is great.

The correspondent quoted, describes a meeting of ultra radicals at which he was present. He says:

Much of the time was spent in relating anecdotes of barbarity on the part of the National Guard and the Garde Mobile during the insurrection. In the eyes of the majority the whole wrong was on the side of those who sustained the government, and the success of the insurrection was a thing to be desired above all others. But they did not waste much regret upon past failures. They all agreed that another rising must take place before long, and then the score should be wiped off. Then the Mobiles, those children of the people and traitors to their cause, should be massacred, and as many of the National Guards as possible should receive the same fate.

There were several ladies in the party, and they far exceeded the men in the bitterness and violence of their expressions. It seemed as if they would have exterminated the whole middle class at a breath, had it been possible, so unsparing was their animosity.—They brought a new element into the conversation.—Eight somnambulists, entirely independent of each other, had, they said, foretold the coming struggle and the triumph of the revolutionary side. Among other particulars which these prophetesses had connected with the affair was the death of Lamartine by assassination. One somnambulist had seen him stabbed in the back by a young man, whose face she could not see. And such horrors as these the evening was passed. The guillotine was not mentioned; the idea of cold blooded execution of the enemies of the Republic and the people did not seem to be entertained. Everything was to be accomplished by fighting in the streets. And the party was not composed of ignorant or vulgar persons. What seems shocking in their conversation is mainly the product of that revolutionary instinct which as I have said has become an element of the French character, and which when fully roused absorbs and effaces all other sentiments. Do not doubt that that instinct is still alive here, though for several reasons it is not possible that it should operate again as it has done before.

It is understood by all parties that the army holds the balance, and that as it decides so matters must go, at least for the time. What side it will take is what no one pretends to be sure of, though every one hopes that it will be the side to which he himself belongs.

PHILADELPHIA.

From our Correspondent.

Philadelphia, Sept. 7, 1847.

There are one or two things that may interest your readers. And first, our neighbors of New Jersey are becoming warmly excited, first to obtain a good Baptist Literary Institution in their State, and secondly where to place it. The first grand object seems to be pretty unanimously determined on, the second will, I presume, be warmly discussed, settled by a good majority, and then all, I trust, will go heartily to work. I shall probably be able to tell you more about this in my next.

I am happy to report the slow but apparently sure convalescence of the Rev. C. Tucker, of the Tabernacle church. The Christian Chronicle, the Baptist paper published in this city, has commenced its third volume with a new dress, and, it is said, with increased literary strength. You will unite in a cordial wish that it may 'more than pay'; and that you may see that our brethren in the ministry are making progress in reputation.

One mournful paragraph must appear in my letter. The last six months have witnessed extraordinary ravages by death among the wives of our ministers; the last affecting instance of this kind is the removal of the amiable, pious, and energetic wife of the Rev. G. Kempton, pastor of the Spruce Street church. She was but in her 32d year when removed from her husband, four children, and a large circle of sorrowful friends. Were the pen of friendship here to attempt a delineation of her character, the stranger might mistake its statements of simple truth for flattery and adulation. Suffice it then to say, that her early life was given to the Saviour, and her later years showed her ardent attachment to his cause. Neither her never-neglected attention to her domestic circle, nor her great diffidence and modesty could conceal the principles of holy love which governed her soul, nor restrain the admiration which the consistency of her humble and zealous conduct excited. 'The heart of her husband trusted in her,' and not a few of those who knew her, will cherish the delightful recollection of her spirit and example.

I think I shall add that the Report on the third Article of the Constitution of the Missionary Union is being circulated among us; and so far as my knowledge extends, the general feeling is, that the Constitution should remain as it is. I trust that I am one of many thousands who thank the writer of that Report for presenting, and the whole committee for sanctioning the clear, strong, scriptural representation it makes of the impropriety of Christian churches attempting to perform their own business by Representatives. I have long been trembling in the contemplation of our danger as a body on that score, and doubt not but this document will do very much to correct mistakes,—to sustain missionary operations in greater vigor—and, now I add,—to lead the churches of Christ to feel that wide and extensive Christian colonization will do more than all other means to convert the world. Thank God we have not a little of this in 'The Far West,' and by-and-by it will extend to the heathen nations. Yours, very truly, H. E.

DR. BUSHNELL AT ANDOVER.

ADDRESS BEFORE THE PORTER RHETORICAL SOCIETY.

The Rev. Dr. Bushnell is an no danger of speaking to empty benches just at present. Those who esteem him perfectly sound in the faith, will surround him, and listen to collect the arguments for his defence, while those who question his orthodoxy, or as oftener is the case, those who are doubtful what he means, or whether his discourse tends, will, of course, influenced by the same principle which prompted the first sin—a desire to know the evil—gather to hear what this new doctrine is. It is a difficult matter to present a just idea of this, as of Dr. B.'s other performances. In his own way, he presented *Faith and Dogma.* The first including the life, and the second, the form of Christianity—the first embracing the emotions, the second, the ratiocinations of piety—the first seeking its home in the heart, and the second in the *head.* With this main distinction, he proceeded to expound the ages past, and predict the age to come.

In man, simplicity marks the first stage of his life. When he has perfected his knowing, and passed through the intricacies of doubt and inquiry, he returns again to an age of simplicity. So Christianity. The primitive Christians were distinguished by simplicity. According to Dr. B., they, with many others, knew very little of dialectics. They loved, rather than reasoned; acted rather than defined. They believed the doctrine of the Trinity, without discriminating or attempting to discriminate the precise meaning of the terms which they employed. Theirs was the logic of the affections more than the understanding. He did not in this, fortify his position by a reference to the sharp logic of the epistle to the Romans. Perhaps this was not so convenient. But he did quote the spirit of the age, which always accommodates itself to the spirit of the writer who endeavors to conjure with it. Even this paradisaic age with some, Dr. B. says, contained fatal tendencies. These pressing on through mysticism, established monasticism. The disciple was lost in the mystic.

We mark the decline of Faith and the increase of Dogma, as we pass from the apostles' creed—so called—to that of the Nicene Theologians. When this had become fairly enthroned, the energetic truths of the gospel fell upon inaction. Dogma eclipsed the sun. Had one of the Christians of the primitive school re-appeared, he might have said in astonishment, 'these are the dead, but where are the living?'

The results were sad, but not a total loss to the world's history. Through this dark experience, the church travelled towards the light, and gave it as a bequest to those who should come after. The first age of the church was exposed to a dependence upon external and miraculous gifts. It was tempted to receive the evidence of the presence of the Spirit, to the oversight of the Spirit itself. Dialectics came to its aid, and the work of dividing and discriminating.

There was a direct demand that faith and opinion should come in conflict. God has set man down between faith and reason—between the light of prayer and the light of thought. Each must act, before the Christian is established in a perfect repose. In the progress towards this quiet, the negation is equally as serviceable as the affirmative. All that we know of some doctrines, is their negative. No man can comprehend the Trinity, yet many are entirely competent to say what it is not. In this work rationalism has done good service. When error has acquired a foothold in some false or defective definition, this has detected its lurking place, and revealed the defect.—Even more than this. Ranging abroad and beyond the area of theology, it has explored entire fields of thought. The first schools of philosophy had some truth. When Christianity came into collision with those systems, it must meet this truth as well as the error, and because all truth is in reality harmonious, it must, by a kind of elective affinity, attract to itself the truth in them. She cannot storm away any of the doctrines of science. The errors too, in those systems, which are antagonistic to Christianity, are not always in open hostility. They choose often, the insinuating method, and reveal themselves by their attempts to handle and work with the truth of God. By *trying at* the gospel, they *try out* themselves.—Such a survey of the office of the dogma, presents much that is humiliating, but nothing that should induce despair. The long night with which it overspread the world, is the prolonged death-scene of error. The terrors with which it shook the world when it was preparing its departure, were the birth-throes of truth. From this bitter experience, the church was, with the Galatians to learn, that having begun in the Spirit, they were not to be made perfect in the flesh.

Dr. B. then glanced at the means by which the age of faith and love were to be restored. We must set *the head* and *the heart* into more amicable relations to each other. The head has been installed as the arbiter of truth, and we measure men, not by the life, but by dogmatic laws. We place the feebler and partial far above the stronger and total. The rudder may be important, but it cannot move the ship without the sails, and in calm weather, it is a vain and silly thing which veers in every direction.

Again, we must settle *the office* of the dogma and define what it can do—what not. Most certainly we must not exalt it above the Spirit. This can never be represented by formulas. It can be suggested only by figures of speech, which are peculiarly liable to a misinterpretation. That which conveys a truth to any mind may convey an error to the mind of another. We must employ figures to explain figures—a creed to explain a creed. This is the reason why one creed has chased another out of the world. He said that the Spirit could not be represented—still less can it be systematized. The attempt logically to build up a Christian, must be a complete failure.

And yet for all this mischief, Dr. B. will not listen to any proposition to interdict the dogma. His *no* is only that of the coquette inviting to a more pointed proposal. He wishes the dogma to change its form—to curtail its length, and to become so vague as to define nothing. The Bostian intellect would seem to be the most propitious to piety. A stupid assent to general terms, he would call unity, and this would be a much more lovely sight to his eyes than the horrid spectacle which seems now well nigh to appal him. Let us see it too. This dogmatic piety, says Dr. B., is giving to us a Calvinistic piety, an Episcopalian piety, a Presbyterian, and a Methodist piety. In such fantastic modes, are Christians labelled off, while the dogma of each may be seen pricking through the skin, and tattooing his face.—The business of sect-making is quite overdone. The product is so small, that it is not worth the labor; and to head a platoon, seems a sort of punishment for the imbecility of the unfortunate intellect. All this is dogmatic religion, and must be swept away with the besom of destruction.

A familiar acquaintance with the biographies of the pious in other communions, was judiciously recommended as a further means of subduing the dogma to its proper place. A revision of the current ideas of the Holy Spirit was suggested, but his subtle idea evaporated, while we were examining his words. To all this, he subjoined a disclaimer against conferring inspiration upon prophets and apostles; and if we understand him, comes near plucking the plume from Mr. Parker. He hints it, we know not for what reason, to Christians.

The whole of his long discourse was brought into a visible relation to the occasion, by some closing remarks upon the ministry needed for the coming age, and the seminaries needed for the coming ministry. He enforced, too, the just distinction between the minister and preacher. The first is clothed with the authority of God—the second stands on the same level with the orator.

Such are the principal topics of a discourse of two hours,—pregnant in many places with great thoughts, vigorous and forcible in expression, but by no means equal either in accuracy of investigation, or elegance of diction, to the Cambridge efforts. We are persuaded that a more critical study of the history and nature of the apostles' creed will lead him to a different estimate. Nor can we consent to the assumption overspreading the entire surface of his discourse, that the Christianity now, and for a long time extant, is that of the dogma. Our firm belief is that the manifestation of faith and life, is not compelled to wait yet longer for an advent. That it *has* glowed and burned in the hearts, not only of separate and scattered individuals, but in whole sections of the great church, we never expected to hear denied, or its negative even supplied

NEW YORK.

[From an occasional Correspondent.]

New York, Monday, Sept. 11, 1848.

It is the painful duty to inform you that the Rev. C. G. Brodner, for many years one of our most beloved and successful pastors, is rapidly nearing eternity, and ere this reaches the reader, will probably have breathed his last.

The Rev. Jacob H. Brodner, pastor of the North Baptist church, Christopher St., commenced the morning services in his usual health; but while reading a hymn, was struck down with an apoplectic fit. He was immediately carried home to his residence and his bed, where he still lies in an insensible and very critical condition. Solemn circumstances these to Zion's Watchmen! May we hear the warning they give, and "trim our lamps, girded," ready for the coming of our Lord!

Another and event, is a destructive conflagration, which broke out about midnight on Saturday, and raged with unprecedented violence till daylight on Sunday morning, by which a large portion of Brooklyn has been laid in ashes, and over a million dollars worth of property been destroyed. I have just returned from a melancholy walk among the smoking ruins. Three churches, a worsh[illegible] have been entirely consumed, the Lutheran, the Sands St. Methodist, and the Nassau St. Baptist. I could hardly help weeping as I stood and gazed upon the fragments of blackened walls which are all that are left of Brother Hodge's substantial and elegant place of worship. With still deeper feeling may the afflicted pastor and people take up the lamentation of the ancient prophet, (Isaiah lxiv, 11.) "Our holy and beautiful house * * * is burned up with fire, and all our pleasant things are laid waste." Two facts may perhaps well learn with pleasure—*first*, the house was insured for $17,000—and, *second*, the insurance was in Philadelphia. Had it been in Brooklyn, they would probably have realized but a part, as it is supposed most of the insurance offices there are ruined.

Yours, as ever, IOTA.

Disastrous Fire in Brooklyn, N. Y.—We copy from the morning papers the following telegraphic despatch giving an account of a devastating fire which has destroyed a large portion of Brooklyn:

A fire broke out in Ferry street, Brooklyn, about 11 o'clock on Saturday night, and continued raging till 10 o'clock on Sunday morning. Over 200 buildings were destroyed in the heart of the city, including three churches, Baptist, Methodist and Universalist—the Nassau St. Baptist, and many first class stores and public [illegible]. The entire loss of property is estimated at millions and a half of dollars. The burnt district included all between Concord and Pine Apple, down Pine to Henry, down Henry to Fulton, crossing Fulton to Washington and Concord, up Concord to Ferry street, the place of beginning. The post office and your house were burnt, also several Old Fellows' halls and the Union Institute. The fire commenced in a crockery store 120 Fulton street, supposed to be from the setting of a camphene lamp. It has been attended with but one loss of life. The Ferry bridge was set on fire, and many fell into the water, some of whom were drowned. Twenty fire and hose companies from New York and one from Newark were on the ground. One man was finally arrested by running hose carriages and throwing up buildings. A baker named Kirby is said to have been killed, and two New York firemen are reported to be missing, and to have been killed by falling from the ferry.

Massachusetts Nominations.—At the recent Democratic Convention held in Worcester, Gen. Caleb Cushing, of Newburyport, was nominated for Governor, and Hon. Henry W. Cushman, of Bernardston, for Lieutenant Governor of the Commonwealth.

A Free Soil State Convention held last week in this city, nominated Hon. Stephen C. Phillips, of Salem, for Governor, and Hon. John Mills, of Springfield, for Lieutenant Governor of the State.

Kentucky Convention Question.—The vote for Governor, to amend the constitution, so as to prohibit absolutely slavery, is not as heavy as was anticipated. Out of 110,902 votes, only 75,288 were in favor of the Convention, which is a falling off of 19,288 votes since 1847. The vote of Louisville for the Convention, was 1,082; and for the School tax, 1,186, a significant coincidence.

Arrivals from Jerusalem.—We learn from the Tribune that the ship Leon, which arrived on Monday from Smyrna, brought as passengers, Mr. Worden U. S. Consul at Jerusalem. Also the Rabbi Gaon, Consul of the same city.

Vermont Election.—The election in Vermont results in a continuance of the Whig ascendency in the Legislature, and almost the same Whig plurality in the popular vote as last year. There is no choice of officers by the people.

Appointments in Trade Society's Publications.—In addition to the Pictorial Tract Primer, which, is a work of unique and worth, this Society has sent us several of its late excellent issues. These are, A Letter to Acquaintance with God, The Bible True, by Dr. Pomroy, Great Truths in Simple Words for Children, and the Memoir of Clementine Cuvier, daughter of Baron Cuvier, by John Angell James.

We regret to learn that by reason of his continued ill health, Rev. H. Bronby, pastor of the Second Baptist Church, Salem, has been obliged to urge upon his people the acceptance of his resignation as their pastor.

We call attention to the mature suggestions of "Senex," alias G. K., in the Communications of the Theatre. Our venerable friend will have more to say on this subject.

Baptisms.—The American Baptist Publication Society, have issued promptly in the German, a volume of the anniversary of the Franklin Tract Society, which reviews the present week, came too late for our last.

Foreign Intelligence.

FOUR DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

The Cunard Steamer Hibernia, Capt. Shannon, arrived at Halifax on Friday morning, (Sept. 8th) having left Liverpool on the afternoon of August.

The news which she brought has created a profound sensation throughout the country. The meeting of the Boston packet ship, Monmouth, on the 24th of August. That meeting was a prey to fire, and an awful explosion of gunpowder followed. Williner and Thomas Pennels the following statement to Capt. Murdock:

BURNING OF THE OCEAN MONARCH.

Monarch, 1300 tons burthen, left the Mersey on Thursday, with about 380 souls on board, including the crew and passengers. We discovered, at 4 o'clock, a fire in the forehold. No accident worthy of note had occurred, at that time. We were about 12 miles. Orders were given to put about, and while hauling the main yard a cry arose that one of the steerage passengers had set fire to one of the ventilators without direction. Some of the crew ran forward and another man to examine the delinquent who had immediately after this one of the cabin passengers declared that the cabin was full of smoke, and that the fire was coming from below. On hearing this the position of affairs, and that we were rapidly on fire. I then gave orders to have water poured down that the ship should be scuttled, in order to loosen the draft, but in consequence of the instantaneous manner in which we became enveloped in the flames, I could not give orders to have the ship scuttled. All was now a scene of the greatest confusion and disorder. My orders were disregarded. Despair took seized almost every person, which prevented itself was [illegible] to look upon. The [illegible] with passengers [illegible] from the [illegible] of the vessel. So great was the confusion that all were crowded to the fore part of the vessel. The passengers, [illegible] and [illegible] were crowded to the fore part of the vessel. So great was the confusion that all were crowded to the fore part of the vessel. The passengers, male and female,

The Family Circle.

THE INFIDEL AND HIS DYING CHILD.

The following passage has a touching interest. It is extracted from Mr. McIntoch's 'Charms and Counter Charms.' Euston Hastings, the father, is an Infidel.

The child's disease was scarlet fever. Ten days and nights of ever-deepening gloom had passed, and in the silent night, having insisted that Evelyn, who had herself shown symptoms of illness through the day, should retire to bed, Euston Hastings sat alone watching with a heightening heart the disturbed sleep of the little Eve. It was near midnight when that troubled sleep was broken. The child turned from side to side uneasily, and looked somewhat wildly around her.

'What is the matter with my darling?' asked Euston Hastings, in tones of melting tenderness.

'Where's mamma?—Eve want mamma to say, 'Our Father!''

Euston Hastings had often contemplated the beautiful picture of his child kneeling with clasped hands beside her mother, to lisp her evening pray r, or since her illness forbade her rising from her bed, of Evelyn kneeling beside it, taking those clasped hands in hers, and listening to Eve's sobbie murmured words. Well he knew, therefore, what was meant by Eve's simple phrase, 'To say Our Father.'

'Mamma is asleep,' he said; 'when she awakes I will call her.'

'No—no—papa; Eve asleep then.'

'I will call her at once, then, darling,' and he would have moved, but the little hand was laid on his to arrest him.

'No—don't wake poor mamma; papa, say Our Father' for Eve.'

'Will Eve say it to papa? Speak, then, my darling,' he added, finding that though the hands were clasped and the sweet eyes devoutly closed, Eve remained silent.

'No—Eve too sick, papa—Eve can't talk so much—papa kneel down and say, Our Father, like mamma did last night—won't you, papa?'

Euston Hastings could not resist that pleading voice; and kneeling, he laid his hand over the clasped ones of his child, and for the first time since he had murmured it with childish earnestness in his mother's ear, his lips gave utterance to that hallowed form of prayer which was given to man by a Divine Teacher. At such an hour, under such circumstances, it could not be uttered carelessly; and Euston Hastings understood its solemn import—its recognition of God's sovereignty—its surrender of all things to Him. He *understood* it, we say—but he trembled at it. His infidelity was annihilated; but he believed as the unreconciled believe, and his heart almost stood still with fear while 'Thy will be done on earth even as it is in heaven,' fell slowly from his lips.

Soothed by his compliance, Eve became still, and seemed to sleep, but only for a few minutes. Suddenly, in a louder voice than had been heard within that room for days, she exclaimed, 'Papa—papa—see there—up there, papa!'

Her own eyes were fixed upward, on the ceiling, as it seemed to Euston Hastings, for to him nothing else was visible, while a smile of joy played on her lips, and her arms were stretched upward as to some celestial visitant.

'Eve coming!' she cried again. 'Take Eve!'

'Will Eve leave papa?' cried Euston Hastings, while unconsciously he passed his arm over her, as if dreading that she would really be borne from him.

With eyes still fixed upward, and expending her last strength in an effort to rise from the bed, Eve murmured in broken tones, 'Papa come too—mamma—grandpa—little brother—dear papa—'

The last word could have been distinguished only by the intensely-listening ear of love. It ended in a sigh; and Euston Hastings felt, even while he still clasped her cherub form, and gazed upon her sweetly-smiling face, that his Eve had indeed left him forever. That she had ceased to exist, with the remembrance of that last scene full in his mind, he could not believe. Henceforth heaven with its angels, the ministering spirits of the Most High, was a reality; it was the habitation of his Eve, and his own heart bent longingly forth to it. His proud, stern, unbending nature had been taught to tremble at the decree of 'Him who ruleth over the armies of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth.' The Being and Nature upon which he had hitherto speculated as grand abstractions, became at once unspeakably interesting facts. Would He contend with him in wrath? Would He snatch from him one by one the blessings of his life, crushing the impious heart which had reviled His attributes and denied His existence? or was He indeed 'a long suffering,' so 'plenteous in mercy,' that He would prove even to him that His might was the might of a Saviour?

Such were his thoughts as with still concentrated agony he turned from the grave of his cherished child to watch beside the suffering Evelyn. She had taken the terrible disease from her little Eve, and lay for many days insensible to her own danger or her husband's agony. But God was merciful, and her husband and father received her back as from the grave. The heart which judgment had aroused, mercy melted. A consciousness of his own unworthiness of God's mercy—a fear that *he could* not be heard—checked the cry which anguish would have exported from Euston Hastings; and the first real utterance from his heart to heaven was in the language of thanksgiving.

Moralist and Miscellanist.

SANTA ANNA'S HACIENDA OF ENCERO.

Plan del Rio, June 28th, 1848.

My last letter was dated from the beautiful city of Jalapa. At sunrise, on Wednesday, we bade adieu to that delightful spot, and, in the course of the forenoon, encamped at Encero, the hacienda of Santa Anna. After a sojourn of five days we left at early dawn yesterday morning, and by noon arrived at Plan del Rio, twenty four miles from Jalapa, and about thirty from Vera Cruz. A march of two days more will bring us to the beach where we landed just one year ago this very day.

At Encero we encamped among a grove of small trees, on an elevation which commands quite an extensive view of the country around. Santa Anna's hacienda—the only collection of buildings in the place—comprises a large estate, and has often served as a place of retreat for the Dictator and his family in the midst of the civil dissensions which distract this unfortunate country. It was here that he recently entertained a party of American officers when on his way to Antigua, prior to his embarcation. There was a scarcity of chairs on that occasion, and the accommodations generally were rather scanty, excepting, of course, in the matter of viands and wines, which were of the richest and most costly kind. During our encampment at Encero I passed several hours in going over the grounds of the hacienda, and passing through the dismantled buildings. The principal mansion—that which receives the lordly proprietor and his young and beautiful wife when on their way from the capital to the coast—is built in the old Spanish fashion. It consists of two stories only, and a portico, with stone pillars, almost surrounds it.

The interior is far from being splendidly wrought, though, in the absence of the gorgeous furniture, the crimson curtains and damask sofas and other rich belongings wont to decorate its apartments and halls, it does not appear to good advantage. It is nearly encompassed by a strong and high stone wall, along the sides of which climb the ivy and all kinds of parasitical plants. It reminded me strongly of Coleridge's description of the ruin, 'old and hoary.' At one extremity is an aqueduct through which water is conveyed from the distant mountains to the hacienda, for no other purpose, so far as appears from an inspection of the premises, than that Santa Anna might enjoy the luxury of a refreshing shower bath. And, indeed, it is a luxury, as I can affirm, after several trials. The water falls from a height of some forty feet into several small stone apartments, through which the air circulates from without. Near the main building on this estate is a church of singular form and construction, with a roof shaped like the shell of a tortoise, and of a red color. Its interior is in an unfinished state, the huge pillars, pilasters and hewn stones covering the fl or in every direction. Its exterior, like that of the principal mansion, is covered over with a kind of colored cement, like that seen at the principal bridges in the country, which is as strong and durable as stone itself.

Who ministers at the altar of this chapel I am unable to say, but I suppose that Santa Anna, in the days of his prosperity and undisputed power, has been able to gather quite a congregation, from among his serfs and tenants, within the walls of the edifice. The other buildings are mere log or palm thatched cabins, which appear to have lost some of their fair proportions; the wooden sides having probably been used by our soldiers, on their march upon the capital, for firewood. There is a large and extensive growth of young forest trees upon the estate, and a profusion of wild flowers, shrubs and plants, odorous and beautiful. I searched a long while for plantains and pine-apples, but could find none, though the atmosphere seemed freighted with the odors of the latter. There were blackberries in abundance, and a few patches of green corn, which found many voracious admirers among the soldiers. For myself, not being able to look upon this shady and quiet retreat as coming within the range of the renowned or classical spots on the earth's surface, I did not even cut a cane from the trees, or gather a fragrant wild flower to crush between the leaves of my portfolio.

For the Reflector & Watchman.

THE VICTOR VANQUISHED.

BY REV. S. ARAVINE.

'You must go with me,' said the Terror-King,
To a pale young man, in the blooming spring;
I must quench the light in the brilliant eye,
And drain his's fountains of crimson dye.

From the loving bride and thy fair-haired boy,
From parents who made thee their pride and joy,
From warming hearts that have grown to thine,
Thou must haste to the grave, and bear love's resign.

Great aims we'll quench, great hopes we'll blast,
When the shroud and the pall are around thee cast;
For with Mercy's voice and her angel robe,
This zealous foot would have circled the globe.

With an eloquent tongue and a mighty pen
Thou hast hoped to do much for the good of men,
The vicious and vile with truth to reform,
And desolate hearts with its beams to warm.

Thou hast hoped to look back when this warfare was done,
And smile o'er the trophies thy valor had won,
Or in fancy where fair thistles and thorns once had room,
Which thy culture had taught like a garden to bloom.

But now will I triumph; thy mights will
Must bend to one that is mightier still,
And the sword thou hast hoped would with victory shine,
Shall prove but as clay when it clashes with mine.

'Is this Death?' Is this Death?' the young hero replied,
'With thy weapons of fear and thy accents of pride?
Thou hast met me indeed at an early hour,
But I tremble not now as I once thy power.

'All' knowest thou not when my Master died
Then cold low the clod in his wounded side,
And thy gates of steel and thy bars of brass,
Gave way that the King of Glory might pass?

'As the servant of him and 'in him complete,'
The foe whom he foiled I can fearlessly meet;
And though pleasures and hopes thou must consecrate with pain,
There shall spring from the ashes fresh glory and gain:

'Though dear be the friends that my death may bereave,
Far better the circle I soon shall leave;
Its members are fair drops in the ocean's abyss,
And such is how in that world we we know in this.

'And when in He throned in the midst of the throngs,
All sorrowless his glances, all music his tones;
Ah! his love is the life-blood, the pulse in my heart;
For his presence I could with the sickness part!

'Tell me not when the dust into dust shall descend
That my labors and toils for Jehovah shall end!
Have not angels built paths of *celestials* tred?
And the saints are to' be on the angels of God.'

'With capacities mighty, unclogged, and enlarged,
That sleep, not, fatigue not, however they be charged,
Sublimer employments are not from Him,
And the labors to-morrow be new as to-day.

'When my Master's affairs need my service in heaven,
E'en more than on earth, let the summons be given;
I will haste, and have on my new fields to explore,
Joys as the stars without sounding or shore.'

Centreville, N. Y., Aug. 1, 1848.

THE JESUITS COMING.

This ill-reputed fraternity, whose mission is the corruption of society and the breaking down of civil and religious liberty throughout the world, abhorred and expelled by every nation in Europe, is seeking an asylum in the United States. Among them Father di Vico, one of the most distinguished astronomers in the world, is now in this country. He is known to all men of science, as the discoverer of the comet which bears his name.—and, indeed, in connection with many of the astronomical discoveries of our day. The recent forced departure of the Jesuits from Rome, at the demand of the Roman mob, has forced him, as a member of the Jesuit fraternity, to leave his Observatory and his home. He took refuge first in London, and has since arrived in this country. The College at Georgetown has secured his services, to be devoted to that institution, which, it will be remembered, has a fine Astronomical Observatory.

The College at Georgetown has also added to the corps of its Observatory, Mr. Sistini, the late professor of Mathematics, at Rome, who has also been exiled from his home for the same reason as Mr. di Vico.

It is reported that nearly thirty of the Jesuit fraternity, who were exiled from Switzerland, have arrived in this country, with many Roman gentlemen besides those whom we have named. Many of these will establish themselves at Georgetown.

VEGETABLE INSTINCT.

If a pan of water be placed within six inches on each side of the stem of a young pumpkin or vegetable marrow, it will in the course of the night approach it, and will be found in the morning with one of its leaves floating on the water. This experiment may be continued nightly until the plant begins to fruit. If a prop be placed within six inches of a young convolvulus or scarlet runner, it will find it although the prop be shifted daily. If after it has twined some distance up the prop, it be unwound and twined in the opposite direction, it will return to its original position or die in the attempt; yet, notwithstanding, if two of these plants grow near each other, and have no stake around which they can entwine, one of them will alter the direction of its spiral, and they will twine round each other. Duhamel placed some kidney beans in a cylinder of moist earth; after a short time they began to germinate, of course sending the plume upwards to the light and the root down into the soil. After a few days the cylinder was turned one-fourth round, and again this was repeated, until an entire revolution of the cylinder had been completed. The beans were then taken out of the earth, and it was found that both the plume and radicle had bent to accommodate themselves to every revolution, and the one in its effort to ascend perpendicularly, and, the other to descend, had formed a perfect spiral. But although the natural tendency of the roots is downwards, if the soil beneath be dry, and any damp substance be above, the roots will ascend to reach it.—*Farmer's Magazine.*

A REMARKABLE DREAM.

In a sermon delivered by the Rev. John Jukes, of Bedford, occasioned by the death of a venerable deacon of the church under his care, Mr. Thomas Kilpin, the following facts are mentioned in reference to an aged grandmother to whom Mr. Kilpin was much indebted for spiritual advantages in early life:

'She was originally a member of the church of which Dr. Doddridge was the pastor at Northampton. The privileges enjoyed by her in connection with his ministry were much valued; and when in the course of time she removed with her husband to another part of the county, less favored with the means of grace, she deeply felt and much deplored her loss. But she sought, by the private exercises of religion, to make up, as far as possible, for the want of its public ordinances. She was much with God in secret, pleading for herself and for her family; and He who seeth in secret, has since rewarded her openly. On one occasion, after having been thus employed, she had a dream which afforded her much encouragement in after life, and appears so remarkable, when viewed in connection with subsequent events, that it not only deserve, but demands a place in this brief narrative. She dreamed that whilst engaged in earnest prayer for her family, an angel appeared to her and said, 'What is thy petition?' She replied, 'Lord, that my *husband* may live before thee.' The answer given was, 'What I do, thou knowest not now, but shalt know hereafter.'—The question, 'What is thy petition?' was repeated, and she then said, 'Lord, that my *children* may live before thee,' to which she received the gracious reply, 'All thy children shall be taught of the Lord, and great shall be the peace of thy children.' Once more was the question, 'What is thy petition?' put to her, and she was emboldened further to ask, 'Lord, that my *grand-children* may also live before thee.' The animating response, 'Thy children's children shall be a seed to serve me,' was immediately added to those before received. The declarations thus conveyed to her mind, were all, in due time, literally fulfilled. There was satisfactory evidence of the decided piety of *all* her children and grand-children. Her husband also was converted, but not until after her death, so that she had not the satisfaction of knowing it on earth. No less than sixteen of the descendants of this devoted woman have been, at different times, in fellowship with the church assembling in this place. Oh, who can fully estimate the importance of female influence, when under the full control of religious principle? If Christian wives and Christian mothers would all strive to imitate the example now before us, what might we not anticipate as the result?'

This dream affords an illustration of a principle respecting dreams, which, though commonly overlooked, is of great practical importance. A dream may fairly be regarded as an indication of the state of the dreamer's heart. His predominant desires in his waking hours will be his predominant desires in his dreams. The object of his love or hatred in the day will be equally an object of love or hatred in the visions of the night. Thus Solomon, at the commencement of his reign, desiring habitually above all things, the possession of wisdom and knowledge adequate to the important station which he had been called to occupy, when he dreamed that God said to him, 'Ask what I shall give thee,' naturally replied in his dream, 'Give me now wisdom and knowledge,' and this was taken by the Almighty as evidence of the state of the young sovereign's heart. 'God said to Solomon, Because this was in thy heart, and thou hast not asked riches, wealth, or honor, or the life of thine enemies, neither yet hast asked long life; but hast asked wisdom and knowledge for thyself, that thou mayest judge my people, over whom I have made thee king; wisdom and knowledge is granted unto thee; and I will give thee riches, and wealth, and honor, such as none of the kings have had that have been before thee, neither shall there any after thee have the like.' So, the predominant desires in this good woman's heart, being the conversion of her husband, her children, and her grand-children, her replies to the question, 'What is thy petition?' were such as she would have given, had she been awake; and God accepted her request.—By considering *the part which we take* in our own dreams, with this principle in view, that it indicates the state of our hearts, we may derive from many of them practical benefit. They may serve either to abase or to cheer us. Sin may be committed in our dreams, for which we ought to humble ourselves, or right desires may predominate in our dreams, from which we may derive legitimate encouragement.—*London Bap. Magazine.*

INGENUITY OF SCIENCE.

Who would have imagined, when gun cotton was produced by Mr. Scrobein, and the world was threatened with destruction by being blown up by this terrible explosive material, that within a few months it should be discovered to be an excellent stypic for dressing cuts and wounds? But so it is. Dissolved in ether and applied to the severest cut, it forms an adhesive covering of singular closeness, protects the wound and excludes atmospheric air, or any irritating matter, so that the process of healing is carried on speedily and effectually; and when all is well, the 'protectionist,' having done its duty, is removed. So also has Dr. Simpson, of Edinburgh, we are informed, singularly applied chloroform and gutta percha' This mixture, in a liquid condition, at about the consistence of fine honey, is kept in a phial or bottle, and when an accident of the kind to which we have referred occurs, it is simply poured upon the wound; the chloroform instantly evaporates, and the gutta percha remains a perfectly flexible second skin, over the injured part, preserving it for weeks if necessary, without the need of dressing, bandages, or any other appliance, til there is no more occasion for this admirable agent. When we call to mind the much human pain that will thus be alleviated, how many cures effected where hitherto there have been danger and uncertiency, and how a number of surgical operations will be simplified, it may not be considered too much to rank such inventions among the most valuable that could be discovered and applied for the benefit of mankind.—*London Literary Gazette.*

REPENTANCE PAYS NO DEBTS.

A lady in the vicinity of R—— being visited with a violent disorder, was under the necessity of calling medical assistance. Her physician was very latitudinarian in his notions, and endeavored to persuade his patient to adopt his creed as well as to take his medicine. He insisted with much dogmatism that repentance and reformation were all that either God or man could justly demand, and denied the life or necessity of an atonement by the sufferings of the Son of God. The lady had not so learned Christ; she adopted his prescriptions but rejected his creed.

On her recovery she invited the Doctor to tea, and requested him to make out his bill. The tea-table being removed, she observed, 'My long illness has occasioned you many journeys, and I suppose you have procured my medicines at considerable expense.' The doctor replied that 'good drugs were expensive.'

Upon this she observed, 'I am extremely sorry that I have put you to so much trouble and expense, and also promise that on any future illness I will never trouble you again. So you see I both *repent and reform*, and that is all you require.' The doctor shrugged his shoulders, and remarked, 'that will not do for *me*.' '*The words of the wise are as goads.*'—*Family Visitor.*

ILLINOIS.

Rev. M. B. Kelley, a colporteur of the American Baptist Publication Society, in Illinois, gives an interesting account of two powerful revivals in that State. This brother is sustained by the 'Missionary Society of the First Baptist church, Charlestown, Mass.' His residence is Golconda, Pope county, and his field of labor is the southern portion of Illinois. During two months, ending June 18th, he sold forty-four volumes; preached thirty-seven sermons; visited ninety-five families, and travelled four hundred and sixty-nine miles. He writes:

'Union county is very destitute, in every sense of the word, so far as it regards their spiritual concerns. In Johnson county, I visited Cedar Grove and Gum Spring; and in Massac county, Ebenezer church. I visited the Hurricane church, where the congregation was large and attentive, so that we continued laboring. The Lord abundantly blessed us. Fourteen or fifteen professed a hope in Christ, and nine were received as candidates for baptism. This church is connected with the Franklin Association, and is visited once a month by Elder H. Ferrell. After visiting other churches I returned in June to the Hurricane church, and their pastor being absent the burden of the labors fell upon me. On Sunday it was thought there were a thousand hearers; it was by far the largest concourse I ever saw in Illinois on a religious occasion. Although it was in the grove, and more than one half had to stand on the ir feet, I never addressed a more attentive congregation. After the sermon, we repaired to Hurricane Creek, where I had the pleasure of baptising seventeen willing converts.

'On the tenth of June I met with Little Saline church. Here, while my bodily strength became much impaired, by excessive labors, my spiritual strength became much renewed. It was here I began to labor in the ministry, and here, too, I had much opposition to encounter, because I was in favor of the various benevolent institutions of the day; but the church has become revolutionized upon the subject, and they are now of one mind. Never did I desire more to see a revival than on this occasion. I desired to see the church praying. I felt burdened—pressed down. I felt that I could not rest without a revival of God's work. I began to relate to the church the desires that pressed me down, but the emotions of my heart interrupted my speech. The church wept with me; sinners wept. We held the most interesting prayer meeting I ever attended. The whole church seemed to be engaged. The interest continued to increase during the meeting. Sunday was our communion season, and a more solemn occasion I have seldom seen. Even pedobaptists who are so apt to fall out with us on such occasions, drew near to us and were affected to tears. On Sunday evening the anxious seats were crowded. Young men, who had been bold in their rebellion, were now heard to cry for mercy. Young ladies, who had been too proud to kneel, were now bowed down in the dust inquiring what they must do to be saved. On Monday evening, though the congregation was quite large, there was but one individual among those who had come to years of knowledge, who was not among the professors of religion, or among the inquirers.' *Every youth* in the neighborhood was an inquirer, except those who were already professors. Never have I witnessed such a general interest.

'I have had much to encourage and cheer me onward, while at the same time I have had much to discourage me. Often times when I look upon my worldly affairs, everything appears dark and gloomy. I find myself, in this respect, going backward. When I take this into consideration, and think of the probability of my dear little children growing up without an education, I often times think of betaking myself to my secular employments again. But when I cast my eyes around me, and behold the vast destitution which prevails, how can I forbear? I am resolved to respond to the cries for help which I hear around me, and leave the event to Him who has called me.'

DR. LYND ON SLAVERY.

The Western Christian Journal, of Columbus, O., publishes the sentiments of Dr. Lynd on this subject, as they were expressed in that paper for Jan. 31st, 1845. As Dr. Lynd has recently accepted the Presidency of the Western Baptist Theological Institute at Covington, Ky., his opinion of slavery will be read with interest. If he still have the same principles, the South has not gained much in dismissing Dr. Pattison.

'All men are created equal, and all have an equal right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Hence the laws of God require that we love our neighbor as ourselves, and that we act towards others as we would have others act towards us. No subject of the divine government has a right to set aside this class of laws. Without a specific statute to this end, or a clear permission, made known by divine revelation, no human being can violate these laws and be guiltless. It is *sin* or the violation of the divine law. *Of course, without a specific statute or permission from God, slavery is sinful, only sinful, and always sinful.*' * * * Slavery among the Hebrews, gives no more authority to slavery under the Gospel, than the command to Abraham to sacrifice his son, authorises Christians at the present day, to take the lives of their children. *The Old Testament cannot be brought to sustain, or countenance, or permit, any system of slavery upon the face of the earth.*

'When the gospel economy was introduced slavery existed in the Roman Empire; but existed without divine authority, and *against* the divine authority recognized in the laws growing out of the second relation. *The whole system, and every part of it, in this case was sin, the transgression of divine law.*'

Removal.

DR. A. A. GOULD has removed to No. 13 West street. 33-3m.

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BOOK-BINDER,
122 Washington Street, BOSTON.
OLD BOOKS AND PERIODICALS REBOUND.
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Opposite Broomfield St., Boston.
Warranted Hemming & Seaming Steel Drilled-eyed NEEDLES.
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OFFERS AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, AT LOW PRICES,
ENGLISH, FRENCH AND AMERICAN
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BROOMS, BRUSHES, BASKETS, MATTING,
and all kinds of
WOODEN AND WILLOW WARES,
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CLOTHS, CASSIMERES AND VESTINGS.
☞ GARMENTS Made and Trimmed in the neatest and most fashionable style. 1-1y

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Insert the most beautiful mineral teeth, upon the ATMOSPHERIC principle, in whole or parts of setts.
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FANCY COMB MAKERS,
AND WORKERS IN TORTOISE SHELL,
No. 178 WASHINGTON STREET,
Corner of Water street, up stairs, BOSTON.
Combs of the latest fashion and most desirable styles, constantly on hand or made to ord r. WHOLESALE AND RE-
Repairing done in the neatest manner at short notice.
N. B. This is the only place in the city where Combs are manufactured by the use of steam power. 1y—28

Newton Young Ladies' Institute.
THE Fall Term will commence on Wednesday, Sept. 13, and will continue fourteen weeks. Application for admission may be made by letter, or otherwise, to the Principal, at Newton Centre.
JOHN B. HAGUE, Principal.
Newton, July 29, 1848. 31—3w

Peirce Academy,
MIDDLEBORO', MASS.
THE Fall Term of this Institution will commence Monday, Sept. 11, and continue 11 weeks. John W. P. Jenks, A. M., Principal and Lecturer on the Natural Sciences, &c., Miss Sarah L. Smith, Preceptress, and Teacher of Music and French. For circulars and further information, address
JAMES A. LEONARD, Sec'y.
Middleboro', Aug. 14, 1848. 31—3w

Silk Under Garments.
A LARGE assortment just received of Ladies and Gentlemen's Silk Under Garments, some styles of which are not to be found at any other store in the city. Also, Shoulder Braces, for ladies and gentlemen, of the most approved kinds.
SHIRTS: SHIRTS:
F. A. GARDNER, 305 Washington street, has just received fifty dozen of superior Linen Bosom Shirts, which he offers to the cheapest or single at very low prices. Shirts made to order in the very best manner. 3—tf

New Styles of Shell Combs.
THE Subscribers have recently made several improvements in the manufacture of their Premium Shell Back Combs, which the committee on Combs of the late Mechanics' Fair, pronounced "far superior to any hitherto manufactured or imported into this country." In addition to the raised figures and lace work, we now add the raised bar or quill back, which greatly improves the strength as well as beauty of the whole Comb. Several entirely new patterns just finished. Purchasers are invited to call and examine the very full assortment on hand. We have also several patterns of the new style of Shell Twisting Comb with raised tops. J. L. BATES & A. S. JORDAN, at the sign of the Original Golden Comb, 152 Washington street. 33—3t

Silver Fruit Knives.
THE Subscribers offer for sale a large assortment of Silver Fruit Knives, with handles of Pearl, Ivory and Tortoise Shell, varying in price from $1 to $4. J. L. BATES & A. S. JORDAN, 152 Washington street. 33—3t

Connecticut Literary Institution.
THE Fall Term of this Institution will commence on *Wednesday, Aug. 30*, under the direction of WILLIAM W. WOODBRIDGE, A. M., whose services the Trustees have secured as Principal. They beg to commend Dr. Woodbridge to the confidence and support of the friends of the Institution, as a gentleman of eminent literary and classical attainments, excellent religious character, and approvable manners. They have received testimonials from the best sources, of his eminent qualifications as a teacher, having been engaged in that employment for eight years, as principal of a school of the highest grade in New England, with uniform and distinguished success.
By order of the Executive Committee.
Suffield, Aug. 17, 1848. 36—3w

Please Your Children!
A T Peck's Comb and Fancy Goods Store, 6 Essex street, you can get Stevens' Patent Elastic Doll, the cheapest, best, and most desirable Doll ever offered to the Boston public.
Its great durability renders it an object of interest wherever it has become generally known.
Also Shell and Horn Combs, a great variety of new fancy patterns, Jewelry, Fancy Goods, Toys, &c. &c., at prices so low that they cannot fail of giving universal satisfaction.
Shell Combs repaired neatly and promptly.
Call and see for yourself. 36—tf

Spring Goods!
JUST RECEIVED AND ARE NOW OPENING AT
BREWER'S CARPET STORE,
NO. 28 COURT STREET,
A LARGE and FULL SUPPLY of CARPETINGS, of all the various kinds usually sold in this city, consisting of TAPESTRY VELVET and TAPESTRY BRUSSELS, Extra and Heavy Brussels, THREE-PLY and Superfine and Common INGRAIN
CARPETS!
STAIR CARPETS, of all kinds and widths—FIGURED BOCKINGS, &c. Also, a large and splendid assortment of
Painted Carpets,
of ALL WIDTHS, which will be cut to any size for Rooms, Halls, Cabins, &c., &c.
The above Goods will be sold at the LOWEST Market Prices. Purchasers are invited to call and examine before paying higher elsewhere. 1—tf

Improved Ventilating Hot-Air Furnace.
FOR HEATING CHURCHES, DWELLINGS, SCHOOL-HOUSES, STORES, AND PUBLIC BUILDINGS.
HAVING, recently constructed, tried, and proved a new and powerful and Ventilating Hot-Air Furnace, on entirely new principles, we are now prepared to furnish Bankers, or Contractors, as near equal, if not superior, to any ever before offered, and on as reasonable terms. The heat being so concentrated as not to require the consuming [illegible] of but a small quantity of fuel to diffuse throughout the apartments a mild and genial temperature, free from all fumes, or the unpleasant smells arising from the air coming in contact with the over-heated iron. It is simple in construction, easily managed, and durable in all its parts.
Purchasers are respectfully invited to call and examine for themselves at Nos. 15 and 17 North Market street, where can also be found an extensive assortment of Cooking, Parlor, and Office Stoves, of the most approved patterns in use, for sale Wholesale and Retail.
BARTLETT & CO.
22—tf

Exeter Vapor Bath
ESTABLISHMENT,
CORNER OF MIDDLE AND CHARDON STREETS.
THIS Institution is located in one of the most delightful villages in New England, but[illegible] miles from Boston, on the upper route to Portland.
This is a pleasant resort for invalids during the warm season, as it is not affected with the crowd usually to be met with in the cities.
Patients can be accommodated with good board, medical treatment, and the *Rubbing, Medicated, Sulphur Vapor, Shower, Douche and Plain Vapor Baths*, at reasonable rates. It is not necessary to detail the merits of the above named baths, as they are so highly recommended by some of our best physicians, and so fully appreciated by most every intelligent community where they have been introduced.
Reference can be given to several of our most eminent physicians in Boston and vicinity, also many other highly respectable individuals.
This Institution is under the direction of Dr. M. M. MILES, who has been physician to a similar institution for several years.
For further particulars, address, or call on Dr. MILES' office, No. 12 Franklin street, or at the above Establishment.
Exeter, N. H., June 1, 1848. 23—tf

Dr. J. K. Palmer's
PURGATIVE CORDIAL.
THIS Medicine is recommended for Costiveness, as a pleasant, safe, and effectual cathartic. It is a pure Vegetable Compound, containing the Purgative, Tonic, and Alterative qualities together so that it not only cleanses the Stomach and Bowels, by purging, but it regulates the Liver by cleansing the Morbid Secretions, strengthens the Digestive Organs, purifies the Blood, invigorates the circulation, and thus tones and enriches every fluid in the system. The Cordial can be taken with safety by persons of any age, and the feeble, the infirm, the juvenile and the aged are strengthened by its operation, because it clears the system of bad humors, quiets persons irritability and restlessness, from whatever source, and invariably produces sound sleep.
The Purgative Cordial is a sure remedy for Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Sick and Nervous Headache, Dizziness, Sinking and Faintness, Affections, Loss of Appetite, Colic, Gout, &c., and all Bilious complaints.
Prepared and sold Wholesale and Retail by J. K. PALMER, M. D., at his Botanic Pharmacie, No. 44 Hanover st., Boston; also by E. E. Taylor & Co., 64 Hanover st., corner of Salem st.; Wilson, Fairbanks & Co., 49 Hanover st.; Ashfield, Lovell & Hunnewell, United States Hotel; H. Lincoln, corner of Washington and Castle streets; and Dr. Bertram, corner of Cambridge and Chambers sts., Boston. 22

Dr. J. K. Palmer's
COMPOUND SYRUP OF BLOOD-ROOT.
THIS Medicine is not a new and untried nostrum, got up merely to sell, but is a popular remedy which has stood the test of many years' use, and is a great Medicine for Consumption of the Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Asthma, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pain in the Side, Chest, &c.
The Blood Root sanguinaria canadensis, or Puccoon Root,—as the Indians call it,—has been long known to be a powerful medicine for many complaints; some of our best physicians have recently turned their attention to its effects upon the human system, and have pronounced it one of the Best Remedies for Diseases of the Lungs and Liver in the whole vegetable or mineral kingdom. Dr. Thomas, of Ohio, says the time victims have been imperfectly understood by physicians. He finds it to be a *sedative* of no ordinary powers, reducing the fever and frequency of the pulse, allaying prostration of the whole system. It also is particularly recommended to women who are debilitated by childbirth, nursing, Hooping Cough, &c.
Prepared and sold Wholesale and Retail, by Dr. J. K. PALMER, M. D., at his Botanic Pharmacie, 44 1-2 Salem street. Also, by Wm. B. Little & Co., 64 Hanover st., corner of Salem st.; Wilson, Fairbanks & Co., 49 Hanover st.; A. Ashfield, 19 and 21 United States Hotel; H. Lincoln, corner of Washington and Castle streets; and Dr. Bertram, corner of Cambridge and Chambers sts., Boston. 22

Dr. J. K. Palmer's
WINE OF QUININE AND IRON.
THIS is an elegant preparation of the two great Tonics, Quinine and Iron, dissolved in Madeira Wine, and is the greatest strengthening medicine known. In cases of General Debility, Scrofula, or Nervous Affections, Chorosis, Fever and Ague, and Agues, Dyspepsia, its effects are truly astounding. It strengthens and increases the circulation of the blood, invigorates and gives tone and energy to the whole system. It is particularly recommended to women who are debilitated by childbirth, nursing, Hooping Cough, &c.
Prepared and sold Wholesale and Retail, by Dr. J. K. PALMER, M. D., at his Botanic Pharmacie, 44 1-2 Salem street. Also, by Wm. B. Little & Co., 64 Hanover st., corner of Salem st.; Wilson, Fairbanks & Co., 49 Hanover st.; A. Ashfield, 19 and 21 United States Hotel; H. Lincoln, corner of Washington and Castle streets; and Dr. Bertram, corner of Cambridge and Chamberss sts., Boston. 22

New Treatment of Bronchitis.
DR. J. K. PALMER continues, with great success, the new treatment of those ills, and other affections of the Throat and Lungs, recently introduced by Dr. Charles Scammon of England, and engrossed with so much success in the practice of that celebrated physician.
Dr. Palmer's Office is No. 44 1-2 Salem street, Boston. No charge for consultations or advice. Medicines and inhaling apparatus furnished on reasonable terms. 22—tf

Original Tea Store.
THE CHINA TEA COMPANY,
198 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.
HAVE now been established six years; their ideal suits in Tea and Coffee, keep every variety of Black and Green Tea imported into this country, and deal for cash only.
The success of which has attended their efforts during this time, without a parallel. They now offer for the inspection of Dealers one of the largest and most varied stocks in the country, at their principal warehouse, No. 198 WASHINGTON STREET, to which all country traders before purchasing their supplies, to call at this
GREAT TEA WAREHOUSE.
Whilst at the same time, to accommodate families and Hotel keepers, they offer the TEAS NOW ON HAND, viz:

3	pounds Nongyong Oolong, an extra black Tea, for	$1 00
3	" Strong Young Hyson,	1 00
3	" Young Hyson, of fine flavor,	1 00
3	" super Old Hyson,	1 00
3	" Souchong, sold everywhere at 50 cts. per lb.)	1 00
10	" good Ground Coffee,	1 00

An experienced and native Chinaman, superintends the tea department. Money can be sent by mail; by friends coming to the city, or by Express conveyance, and the package will be delivered to the Express agent is employed by the Company. Strangers visiting the city are invited to call.
Agents are appointed in every town, upon application, post-paid, to the proprietors, to whom is given
THE GREATEST ADVANTAGE IN PRICE, AND EVERY SECURITY AS TO QUALITY.
In consequence of the great reduction in the price of Teas and Coffees, we are enabled to offer
EXTRA QUALITIES
for the old prices; and it is acknowledged by many persons that they cannot get so good tea at any kind.
PAY WHAT PRICE THEY MAY,
as the Young Hyson, at 50 cents, and the Superior Oolong, at 62 cents, which are sold at the WASHINGTON STREET, by the Proprietors,
REDDING & CO. 4y

Dr. J. K. Palmer's
COMPOUND EXTRACT OF SCROFULA PLANT.
THIS valuable plant is not described in our works on Materia Medica, and few physicians are acquainted with its medicinal qualities. Having, for many years, devoted much time to the treatment of chronic diseases, I have paid particular attention to the most formidable ones, viz. Scrofula, in all its various forms and species. I have endeavored to ascertain the best remedy to counteract it from the human system. My preparation of Sarsaparilla is well known to the public, and for years has proved a very useful assistant. But I have never found a more powerful Depurative than the Scrofula Plant in my practice, and am confident that it is a better remedy for Scrofulous Complaints than Sarsaparilla, or any other medicine that I have tested. I have used it in the Hospital of the Boston Station. It is also used so much by the inhabitants of the Sandwich and other Islands in the Pacific Ocean, or ENCH